

NICARAGUAN REVOLT TO CONTINUE

CANADIAN YOUTH WINS CATALINA SWIM

FINISHES EVENT IN FIFTEEN HOURS AND NOT EVEN EXHAUSTED

Two Women Given Lesser Prizes But No Woman Finishes

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 17.—George Young of Toronto, Canada, was taking things easy today—and well he might, for this 17-year-old Canadian youth has made swimming history.

He was the only entry to finish the gruelling aquatic grind from Avalon, Catalina Island, to the mainland near Point Vicente, a distance of twenty-two miles.

More than 100 swimmers started, covered with grease, begoggled, determination in their hearts, these sturdy men and women plunged into the chilly waters of the Pacific shortly after 11 o'clock Saturday morning.

One by one they dropped out, some exhausted, some stricken by cramps, some just plainly discouraged and some sea sick.

But George Young was not one of these. Twice he was cramp-stricken but, as he put it, "I rolled over on my back and kicked 'em out."

The second time he "kicked 'em out," he "kicked 'em out" for good. After that he never altered, keeping up his powerful stroke until he was a short distance from the shore. There, when he ran into help beds after being in the water for more than fifteen hours, he was forced to put on added power.

He had it in reserve. He cleaved his way through the kelp and a few moments later was on shore. He made the swim in fifteen hours forty-eight minutes and thirty-five seconds.

For this stupendous feat, the Toronto boy will get the \$25,000 offered by William Wrigley, Chicago chewing gum magnate who promoted the swim. Which is a pretty fair fortune for a young man who landed in Long Beach about two weeks ago with sixty cents in his pockets.

Young, although youthful in years, is certainly a man in size and strength. He weighs 186 pounds and is extremely muscular. He was a veritable "dark horse" in these parts, but in Canada his prowess is well known. There he is long-distance champion.

The winner of the race finished in excellent condition. Today he is resting at Santa Monica. He shows no ill effects; he is not exhausted. But it is doubtful if there is a more exuberant person on the continent.

There were other swimmers who performed notable feats. There was Norman Ross, of Chicago, a favorite to win the event, who battled to within a mile of shore; there was Peter Mayer, of Cincinnati, still four and a half miles out when he was told that Young had finished, and there were those two stalwart and courageous women, Margaret Hauser, of Long Beach, and Martha Steager, of Portland.

These two women were taken out of the water shortly after 7 Sunday morning. They had been swimming for about nineteen hours and thirty minutes. Neither finished, but each will get \$2,500 from Wrigley.

Three more famous sisters of the sea, Mrs. Schramm, of New York, Mrs. Schomell and Clara-belle Barrett, also of New York, had long since given up the struggle.

The temperature of the water forced most of the men swimmers to abandon the race. Sullivan, of Lowell, Mass., Toth, of Long Beach, Calif., both conquerors of the English Channel, Creggan, of Paterson, N. J., Purrell, of San Francisco—they all went the same way. While they were being hauled from the water, that young boy of Toronto was steadily forging toward the shore, stopping occasionally to "kick 'em out."

Although no woman finished, leaving the \$15,000 prize unclaimed, it became known here today that Wrigley was planning another Catalina swim—this time for women only. Details have not yet been worked out, but it is thought it will be held in September, that a purse of \$25,000 will be offered to the participants and that such famous swimmers as Gertrude Ederle and Mrs. Mill Corson will be invited to be contestants.

Minus Smile



Worry over his wife's divorce action was plainly written on the face of Charles Chaplin. He posed for this picture in Chicago.

CHAPLIN CONFINED TO BED BY ILLNESS AFTER BREAKDOWN

Condition Improved Physicians Say—Rest Prescribed

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—While the condition of Charlie Chaplin, film comedian, was somewhat improved today, following a nervous breakdown suffered Saturday, he will be confined to his bed for ten or twelve days, attending physicians announced.

"He is highly unstrung. His mental and physical condition are both affected by his breakdown," declared Dr. Gustav Tieck. The physician said the breakdown was largely brought on by nervous strain resulting from the divorce suit brought against Chaplin by his wife, Lita Grey, in Los Angeles.

Complete rest was prescribed for the film comedian. He remained in bed at the apartment of his attorney, Nathan Burkan, denied to all visitors and not permitted to answer the telephone.

Chaplin's illness, however, did not interfere with his plans to fight his wife's divorce action. While the comedian rested in bed his lawyers were busy preparing his case. Burkan telephoned to Chaplin's Los Angeles attorney that the screen star would not leave New York until his presence is required in California.

HERRICK RECEIVED

PARIS, Jan. 17.—Premier Poincare received Myron Herrick, United States ambassador today and held a lengthy conference with him. It is believed that the Franco-American debt question was discussed, as Premier Poincare is expected to lay the Mellon-Berenger agreement before the Chamber of Deputies shortly.

DIES ON GRAVE

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 17.—Geo. H. Munter, 68, who fell dead over the grave of his wife in old St. Joseph Cemetery here yesterday, will be buried tomorrow, relatives announced today.

His wife and a sister had died and been buried there in the past three weeks.

DE VALERA ILL

DUBLIN, Jan. 17.—Eamon De Valera, "president of the Irish Republic," was confined to his bed today with a heavy cold. His physicians have warned De Valera against any exertion, fearing that his illness might develop into pneumonia.

SCOPES EVOLUTION CASE WAS GIGANTIC HOAX REVEALED NOW

Teacher Did Not Commit Offense For Which He Was Convicted

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—One of the greatest legal hoaxes in the history of American jurisprudence has come to an end with the decision of the Tennessee Supreme Court granting John Thomas Scopes a new trial in the world famous Tennessee evolution case.

The story of the hoax may be told today because the court, while holding the anti-evolution law constitutional, recommended that the case against Scopes be nolle-prossed because he left the state. The authorities have agreed.

The truth of the famous case is that Scopes was convicted of a misdemeanor which he never committed. The writer has the word of Scopes himself to this effect.

The youthful teacher, who became the center of a tremendous conflict between fundamentalism and science, never violated Tennessee's anti-evolution law. He didn't teach the children of Dayton, Tenn., any "theories that deny the story of the divine creation of man as taught by the Bible," he said so himself. Yet he was indicted and convicted by a jury of farmers while the whole world watched his case.

The bold, bare truth is that Scopes missed the lesson, which might have violated the law. His indictment charged he taught a certain anti-evolutionary theory on April 24, 1925. In truth, he didn't teach his biology class that day. Two pupils testified at his trial that he taught from page 155 in Hunter's "Civic Biology" on that day but Scopes said he had "skipped" the lesson.

It was a warm July afternoon in 1925, after this conviction, that Scopes told the writer the "inside story" of his trial. The teacher was plainly worried.

"There's something I must tell you," said Scopes. "It's worried me all during the trial. You know I'm not guilty of violating this law."

"A jury has said you were," he said. "Yes, but I never taught that evolution."

"I skipped it," Scopes retorted. "I skipped it. I was doing something else the day I should have taught it and I missed the whole lesson about Darwin and never did teach it. Those kids they put on the stand couldn't remember what I taught them three months ago. They were just coached by the lawyers and that April 24 date was just a guess."

"Honest, I've been scared all during the trial that the kids might remember I missed the lesson. I was afraid they'd get on the stand and say I hadn't taught it and then the whole trial would go bloode, if that happened, they'd run me out of town on a rail."

"Well, you're safe now," the writer observed.

"Yes, I'm convicted of a crime I never committed," said Scopes. "But my skirts are clear. You know I pleaded 'not guilty.'"

"That will make a great story," he was told.

"My God no," Scopes exclaimed. "Not a word of it until the supreme court passes on my appeal. My lawyers would kill me if I got out now."

The Tennessee Supreme Court may have had an inkling of this story, too, it appeared today, as its decision was the only one by which it could uphold the evolution law and yet get rid of the Scopes case. Counsel for Scopes had guarded every other avenue to a technical reversal of Scopes' conviction by permitting the elimination of their bill of exceptions, containing all the alleged trial errors.

"After all," Scopes explained it that July afternoon, "the cause at stake is one of religious liberty and educational freedom. It doesn't matter how we get this issue into courts just so we had some conveyance to carry it before the American people."

Now, the Tennessee court has dismantled that "conveyance" so the issue is back once more in the rolling, verdant hills of Tennessee.

Middletown post was awarded a loving cup for sending the largest delegation to the conference of legationnaires.

McNutt said: "Groups—one of genuine pacifists who literally hate war and would end it by outlawing all military activities and the other 'reds' who hope to weaken the nation for a future attempt at revolution by the 'masses'—are actively attempting to block an adequate preparedness program in the United States."

"The time has come when the American Legion must speak from practical experience and demand that this country give hearty support to the National Defense Act of 1920," said McNutt.

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MERCHANTS HERE START CIVIC PROGRESS DRIVE

Business Men Unite In Effort To Advance City—Ask Co-operation of Citizens In Progressive Action

Xenia's business interests, literally speaking, are "up in arms."

They're out to set things booming around this town. To give it a "charged" atmosphere. To make everything hum and to get citizens on their toes in boosting Xenia into its rightful position on the map as a Great Community. To gain those ends, they have pledged their last dollar, if need be!

Yes, folks, you're about to see that may find their way into the start of the most stirring campaign in Xenia's history. Not a political powwow. Nor a movement out of which anybody will garner a single copper. But—a real, honest-to-goodness drive to transform Xenia into a live community of unchecked progress and prosperity with a future whose horizon shall know no clouds!

Need Your Aid. A noble and unselfish cause, indeed. However, local business people alone cannot achieve their ultimate goal. Eager though they are and willing to do more than their share, they need YOUR AID. YOUR CO-OPERATION. Your active and material assistance in cultivating that true COMMUNITY SPIRIT which alone can remove all obstacles.

In launching this drive merchants today present their side of the civic co-operation problem. How and where they stand in furthering this most worthy campaign and what they expect of you in helping them make Xenia a better and greater community. You'll find their opening message on page two of this issue. Turn to it NOW!

It's a message forcefully written, ringing with true sincerity of purpose and one which will inspire in you a new friendliness for those who serve and aim to please you. It will convince you that you and the local business interests have much in common. They have done much toward building up a great and thriving community. And, quite often, they did it by putting loyalty to you above what might have been their personal gain.

Yet, all they ask in return, is your CO-OPERATION. And you can give it by patronizing them for your every need. For when they profit—Xenia profits. Bigger Business means Greater Prosperity For All!

And, whatever you do, don't miss any of these educational talks of our local merchants.

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Noted Actor Dies in Flames



Stupified by fear, or overcome by illness, Arnold Daly, the actor, sat in the chair in his New York apartment while fire, starting several floors below, crept up to kill him. Conscious, he could have easily escaped through the window.

NORRIS MURDER TRIAL ENTERS SECOND WEEK IN TEXAS COURT

Character Witnesses Occupy Stand As Defense Attorneys Build Up Claim Pastor Feared For His Life

AUSTIN, Tex., Jan. 17.—Trial week may see more testimony presented by the defense to substantiate the eye-witness version of the killing, given Saturday by L. H. Norris, church deacon, who was in the pastor's study when Chipps was slain.

Nutt testified Norris shot and killed the lumberman only after Chipps had refused to leave the building on entreaties from the minister. Norris fired as Chipps moved a hand towards a hip pocket, Nutt testified.

Three character witnesses heard Saturday, testified they knew Chipps as an habitual drunkard. Fred Holland, former Fort Worth police officer, testified he had heard Chipps threaten to kill the minister some time before Chipps visited the pastor to protest against pulpit attacks being made on Mayor H. C. Meacham and other friends of Chipps. This was the defense today.

Three character witnesses heard Saturday, testified they knew Chipps as an habitual drunkard. Fred Holland, former Fort Worth police officer, testified he had heard Chipps threaten to kill the minister some time before Chipps visited the pastor to protest against pulpit attacks being made on Mayor H. C. Meacham and other friends of Chipps. This was the defense today.

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LIBERALS WILL NOT SURRENDER; STATE TENSION LESSENING

Policy Of Mediation Gaining Support At Washington

PUERTO CABEZAS, Nicaragua, Jan. 17.—Although admitting that the pressure of the American intervention "increases daily," Dr. Sacasa, liberal leader, today told the International News Service that the Liberals have no intention of giving up their fight.

Dr. Sacasa declares that the American intervention has taken so strict an aspect that the landing of medical and surgical supplies and provisions for the Liberal forces has been denied. He also protested against the American refusal to permit the Liberals to collect taxes in the territory which they hold.

"We are in reality suffering from a blockade which has as its purpose our destruction and the protection of the Diaz government," said Dr. Sacasa. "But in spite of all this my government will remain firm to the last extreme."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The extreme tension that has marked the Mexican-Nicaraguan situation since American warships and marines were concentrated in Caribbean waters appeared lessening today.

Both in Washington and in Latin America strongly backed movements are afoot to find a solution of the difficulties that will restore military peace in Nicaragua, and political peace in Washington.

Considerable pressure is being brought to bear upon President Diaz to retreat from the recalcitrant stand he has assumed since he was assured of American military support. This pressure is being applied by the state department and by neighboring Central American republics, some of which are favorably inclined toward Dr. Juan B. Sacasa's claim to the presidency.

Active mediatory efforts are being made by President Jimenez of Costa Rica, and encouraged by the state department. Out of them may yet come new Nicaraguan elections as proposed by Sen. Borah, chairman of the senate foreign relations committee, in his speech of opposition to the administration's policy, or, an agreement may be patched up between the rival Diaz and Sacasa forces for joint administration of the country until the next regular elections two years hence.

The attitude of the state department has undergone a marked change in the last forty-eight hours. Once the Nicaraguan situation is settled, observers here believe the controversy with Mexico over the land laws will more readily yield to adjustment. The presence in Washington of Charles H. Warren, negotiator of the recognition agreement with Mexico in 1923, has not persisted championed a conciliatory policy toward Mexico, as opposed without its effect, arren has posed to the sterner methods sponsored by Secretary Kellogg and Ambassador Sheffield at Mexico.

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The Hand of Fellowship

IS EXTENDED TO YOU. THE BUSINESS INTERESTS OF XENIA WANT YOU TO GRASP IT. FEEL THE STRENGTH OF ITS SINCERITY AND EAGERNESS TO SATISFY. LEARN OF ITS ACTIONS IN MOULDING THIS -- OUR TOWN -- INTO A GREATER AND MORE ENTERPRISING COMMUNITY.

IT'S THAT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP, OF WELCOME, OF Ambition and Determination which has done so much in contributing to the welfare of our community.

Just think of the civic development that has been ours -- thanks to the loyalty and broadmindedness of our local commercial interests.

What motive prompted it? Certainly not conceit nor selfishness. Just one noble purpose was back of it all -- that of contributing to YOUR happiness, YOUR welfare!

Then -- think of the Spirit that has built these many improvements. How unhesitatingly the business men of this town have come forward with financial aid -- often when they could least afford it. Yet, they did it with a generous heart and a cheerful smile. That's the spirit which has made Xenia so progressive.

All those interests ask in return is your CO-OPERATION in building an even BRIGHTER FUTURE for this community.



The Pantry Groceries
Henrie Tin Shop
Hughes Hat Shoppe
Xenia Bargain Store
Geyer Book Shop
Sayre's Drug Store
C. A. Kelble Clothing
Bijou Theatre
The McDorman & Crawford Co.

Eichman & Miller Electric Shop
The Hutchison & Gibney Co.
The Dayton Power & Light Co.
Jobe Brothers
The Stout Coal Co.
Frazer Shoe Store
Galloway & Cherry
J. C. Penny Company
Adair's Furniture Store
Xenia Merchantile Company

The Criterion
Kennedy Shoe Store
T. C. Long Real Estate
Famous Cheap Store
The Ray Cox Insurance Agency
L. S. Hyman Clothing Store
Stiles Coal Company
D. D. Jones Drug Store
The Bocklett-King Company

Society-Personal-Clubs

THE NICEST courtesy you can show your guests is to have their cards mentioned on this page. The nicest courtesy you can show your friends is to let them learn of your visits through this page whenever you go away. The Gazette and Republican consider it a courtesy whenever you turn in an item of any kind. PHONE 70.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEET

OF D. A. R. ON WEDNESDAY
Annual business meeting of the American Revolution, will be held at the home of Mrs. T. D. Kyle, 127 W. Church St., Wednesday afternoon, January 19. A number of interesting and important matters will be brought up before the chapter at this meeting and delegates to the state convention, at Columbus, the week of March 15 and for the Thirty-sixth Continental Congress, Washington D. C., the week of April 17, are to be chosen.

For the box for the immigrants at Ellis Island, a request is made for new material the following being needed: muslin, outing flannel, cotton material for dresses, in remnants of one yard or more; stamped embroidered pieces with flannel for the same; standard articles including scissors, thimbles, embroidery hoops, needles, etc., cotton, yarn, and denim for men's trousers.

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SPRING VALLEY P. T. A. CLUB TO MEET THURSDAY

Spring Valley Parent-Teacher Club will hold its regular monthly meeting in the Spring Valley Town Hall, Thursday, Jan. 20, at 7:30 p. m.

The membership contest which has been in progress since the last meeting will close at that time. A program by local talent and a talk by Mr. J. R. Kimmer, county extension agent, on club work are planned for the evening.

MARRIAGE SOLEMNIZED AT TRINITY PARSONAGE

Miss Alice Lee and Mr. Francis Paul Horn, both of Xenia, were united in marriage at the parsonage of Trinity M. E. Church, the Rev. V. P. Brown officiating, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The couple was attended by the bride's brother and sister. Her outfit consisted of a frock of blue crepe, with accessories of tan. Mr. and Mrs. Horn will reside in Xenia with the bridegroom's parents.

J. F. F. CLUB AT BURRELL RESIDENCE

Thirty members of the J. F. F. Club were entertained at the home of Miss Ruth Burrell, N. Galloway St., Friday evening, at a covered dish dinner.

After dinner games, contests and music were enjoyed, prizes being given by Mr. Robert McClelland, Miss Phoebe Burrell, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Manor, Mrs. Wilbur Woods.

The guests departed at a late hour and will meet with Mrs. Edna Graham, W. Church St., in February.

ANTIOCH INSTRUCTOR ON WOMAN'S CLUB PROGRAM

Mrs. Charles Putnam, teacher of dramatic art at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, will entertain the Junior Women's Club at the home of Mrs. J. D. Steele, N. Galloway St., Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Putnam's talk will take the place of the papers originally scheduled and her appearance is expected to attract a number of members. Music has been arranged for the program.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Ketter, Stone Road, had as their guests Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ireland and daughter Lucille; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wheeler, Miss Dorothy Wheeler, Spring Valley; Mr. Herbert Patterson, Miss Thelma Fries, Dayton, and Charles Ketter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Woods and family of the Upper Bellbrook Pike entertained as their Sunday dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Weller and son, Howard, Dayton; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sheehan, Spring Valley.

Mrs. Lawrence Kemp and little daughter, of Middletown, O., spent the week end with Mrs. S. N. McClelland, S. Detroit St.

Mrs. Victor Schmidt and daughter, Mary Ann, Columbus, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Rankin, E. Main St.

The meeting of the Old Town Ladies' Aid Society has been postponed until Thursday, January 27, at which time it will be held at the home of Mrs. Frank Willett.

Obedient Council, No. 160, Daughters of America will meet Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, to make final arrangements for the new degree staff, organized two weeks ago.

Xenia Lodge, No. 52, I. O. O. F., will install officers Tuesday, January 18. L. L. Jordan, D. D. G. M. and staff will have charge of the work.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Sharp left by motor Monday for Melbourne, Fla., to locate indefinitely. They will join Mrs. Sharp's brother, Mr. Clifford Hagler, there.

Mrs. M. K. Carpe, who has been visiting in the South has returned to her mother's home at Second and Monroe Sts., this city.

Mr. S. M. Williams, Cleveland, arrived in Xenia Saturday for a visit of several days with his sisters, the Misses Sarah and Eleanor Williams, E. Market St.

Mrs. Charles A. Bone, N. King St., is leaving Tuesday afternoon for Boston, Mass., to join Mr. Bone who is a patient at the Peter Brigham Hospital there. Mr. Bone will undergo an operation Thursday or Friday.

Mrs. Lyon Galloway, who has been spending the past week in Baltimore, Md., arrived home Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Stewart Macaulay, and infant daughter, whom she visited in the East. Mrs. Macaulay and daughter will spend two weeks with Mrs. Macaulay's father, Dr. W. A. Galloway.

Mr. Richard Gowdy, who is now located in Cincinnati, spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Meda Gowdy, E. Church St.

Mr. Harry Moorman, James-town, received four deep garbs in his scalp and severe bruises when he slipped and fell on the ice, Saturday. His injuries are not serious.

Miss Helen Spahr celebrated her sixteenth birthday Saturday and in honor of the event, she entertained seven young women at her home on E. Third St. Her guests included the Misses Dorothy Hamilton, Betty Montague, Dorothy Devore, Rachel Douthett, Evelyn Patterson, Josephine Conklin and Mary Louise Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schweibold entertained members of their card club at their home, on Chestnut St., Saturday evening. Three tables of five hundred were in play. Mrs. Clayton Swartz and Mr. William Fisher were score prize winners.

Assisting Mrs. Kyle will be Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Mrs. H. H. Cherry and Mrs. J. W. Peterson.

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WORK OF SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE GIVES CROSS SECTION OF LIFE

By CARL O. NYBLADH

An interesting cross section of life in Xenia is offered by a survey of the work done by the Social Service League. Going into the many records of this organization one finds a gripping story of help rendered in hundreds of cases that run the whole range from sick childhood fighting for a chance for life to old age rendered dependent by the merciless passing of the years.

There is the instance of what happened a few weeks ago in one of the grade schools. It was time for opening in the morning and as the teacher sat at her desk, a little six-year-old child came up to her in a listless, forlorn manner. In her hand the child held a note from her mother, which the teacher read. The note said that the child had not had any breakfast. There was not enough food in the house to give her.

This was not the first of such notes. There had been other children, too, with not enough to eat, far too many of them. "What chance have I?" thought the teacher "to build up their minds when the poor little things are undernourished?" As she had done before, she telephoned the Social Service League. A trained worker took up the case and found conditions in the home of the child deplorable.

The family was large, a good deal too large for the scant income of the father. Most pitiful of all was the newest child, a wee few-months-old baby, so reduced by undernourishment and illness that it was on the verge of pneumonia. The League worker saw that assistance was imperative. Groceries were supplied and an order was given for a quart of milk to be delivered daily to the home. Warm clothing was also furnished. The League nurse came and a physician was called to give the medical attention necessary to save the child's life.

The case was only one of the 334 calls received at the office of the Social Service League during 1926. Story after story could be told illustrating the great human need that exists in the community and as each worker expressed it, the fact that so much of the need can be met is because there are people who care and who realize that to administer aid to those who have become helpless through circumstances is a civic duty from the standpoint of making the city a better place in which to live.

During 1926 the League rendered assistance to 183 families, the object in all cases being not simply to give temporary relief, but to help to put the families in question on their feet so that they might as quickly as possible become self-sustaining and self-respecting members of the community. Nineteen transient cases were taken care of, in which food, clothing, medical, aid and transportation were furnished. Eleven Travelers' Aid cases were handled. Twenty persons after due investigation were certified to the County Home.

Other facts gleaned from the report of the secretary Mrs. Carrie Stokes, show what a wide variety of needs the League must meet. Five hundred and twenty-six dollars of city funds were disbursed for groceries and \$363.00 for coal. Four thousand three hundred and eight-one quarts of milk were purchased and delivered. Sixty-eight dollars and fifty-seven cents was spent for medicines and medical equipment. Hundreds of dollars worth of medical service was secured, including operations, hospital care, physicians' attendance, X-ray work and dental work. Over a thousand dollars worth of clothing was given and secured, more than half of this going to school children and children under school age. Hundreds of calls were made by members of the staff. Baby clinics were held weekly.

These are only some of the things that the League has done and is doing. Often it is called on to give unusual service, such as the case of a man who was helped to re-establish himself after a severe injury by securing for him a special medical appliance. Practically all of the work is of such nature that only an organization with trained staff, systematic follow-up and methods that are in accord with the best accepted standards in its line can properly cope with them. It is for this reason that the continuance of the work of the Social Service League and the enlargement of that work if possible is of such vital importance to the community. When any part of the community suffers, the whole community feels the effect. The League is the agency of the people of Xenia to relieve that suffering, and prevent it wherever possible by attacking the causes that produce need.

The work of the League depends on the support of the people. During the annual drive to take place on the three days of January 24, 25 and 26, the amount of \$5,100.00 will be asked for the League's activities in the coming year. Everyone will be given the opportunity to contribute to the measure of his or her ability on the basis that humane service is not the duty of the few, but the

STATE SPEAKERS ON CAESARCREEK FARM INSTITUTE PROGRAM

W. E. Sitterly, Canal Winchester, and Mrs. Thomas P. Pierce, Harrison, will be the chief lecturers at the Caesarcreek Farm Institute at Caesarcreek, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 19 and 20. Wednesday morning's session opens at 9:30 a. m. with a school session and song by the institute.

The Rev. S. D. Chancellor will pronounce the invocation and music will be furnished by the high school orchestra. Mrs. Pierce will talk on "The Worth of an Education," and Mr. Sitterly on "School Problems." A saxophone solo by Donald Devore and appointment of committees are also on the program.

Mr. Sitterly will talk on "Farm Efficiency" and Mrs. Pierce on "The Top Bureau Drawer." Wednesday afternoon, A. A. Conklin will discuss "Co-operative Marketing," and music by the orchestra.

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DIES WHEN TALKING WITH RELATIVES AT DAYTON HOSPITAL

While conversing with her son and daughter-in-law, who had called to see her, Mrs. Emma S. Coy, 58, Dayton, formerly of Xenia, passed away at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon at St. Elizabeth Hospital, Dayton.

Mrs. Coy entered the hospital two weeks ago Monday and submitted to a serious operation January 5 for gall stones and removal of a tumor. Her condition had been favorable until the time she was stricken with embolism formed on the lungs.

The body was removed to the home of her brother, William A. Berry, 602 W. Main St., and in accordance with her wishes, Mrs. Coy will be buried from the old home, 602 W. Main St., this city. Funeral services will be conducted there Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Coy is the youngest daughter of Barclay and Mary Berry. Two brothers of Mrs. Coy, Frank and John Berry preceded her in death. She is survived by one son, Fred B. Coy, two granddaughters, Dorothy and Elouise; two sisters and one brother, Mrs. Will Phares, Dayton and Mrs. Walter Wike and Will, Hamilton.

She was a member of the Daughters of America, Pocahontas and Pythias Sisters Lodges. She was born October 27, 1868.

Friends may call at the Berry home any time after four o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

WILBUR WRIGHT FIELD NEWS

Father time, who never fails to wind up the affairs of the old year on schedule, has again visited us, and started us on our way for the New Year. The passing of the old year was celebrated in an appropriate way on New Year's eve at the Officers' Club, the entire community personnel being present in honor of the occasion, the club was decorated with evergreen trees, whose branches were covered with snow and ice; the orchestra played in the frost king's den, hemmed in by icicles; and refreshments were served from an ice palace. But as long as hearts were warm and merry, who cared for the wintry winds without?

Lieut. S. G. Frierson, Jr., has been appointed Post Adjutant, succeeding Lieut. Ray A. Dunn. Mrs. O. O. Niergarth, left for Bradenton, Fla., on December 15, to spend several weeks with her mother and father.

A board of officers has been appointed to examine candidates for appointment as second lieutenants in the Air Corps. Candidates must be qualified to fly immediately.

Prizes will be awarded in the high school and grade school "Poster Contest," during the institute. Round table discussions will be held and a covered dish dinner served both days.

PROTECTOR LEARNS "EYE FOR EYE" TRUTH

OAKWOOD, O., Jan. 17.—S. J. Blake, state fish and game protector, now knows the meaning of the old Mosaic dictum: An eye for an eye.

Blake started out soon after New Year's Day seeking hunters who had neglected to obtain 1927 hunting permits. Soon after he encountered Samuel Cowell, who the game protector halted into the court of Mayor Ritchie, when Colwell pointed to Blake's automobile which carried 1926 license plates.

Neither man pressed his charges and the mayor agreed to drop each case.

Cuticura Loveliness A Clear Healthy Skin
Insured by Everyday Use of Cuticura Soap

50-50 DANCE TONIGHT

Gram's Broadcasting Orchestra

Of Springfield, O
At Moose Hall 8:15

Public is invited to attend

ETTA KETT



PROHIBITION LAUDED IN TALKS ON ANNIVERSARY OBSERVANCE

"Prohibition is ancient and the world has never lacked men and women preaching against the evil of intemperance," said Judge S. C. Wright, at the union meeting of Xenia churches, at Trinity M. E. Church, Sunday night, in observance of the seventh birthday of prohibition.

"In Israel the prophets warned the drunkards in Ephraim of their ruin and on down until the Eighteenth Amendment, we have its history. The Eighteenth, in my mind is the greatest amendment to the United States Constitution. We have evils since the amendment the same as before, but," asked Judge Wright, "are things as bad as before? Is there as much drunkenness as before? We do have some 'blind pig' violations but the incentive of most bootleggers is commercial."

Judge Wright said that law enforcement is possible but it will take the co-operation of everyone. "We need officials who are thorough in their desire to enforce the law," he said.

The argument that the "best people drink" made by some is a mistake in classification," said Judge Wright. "What is the use of legislating what comes by nature—alcohol being a product of nature," is another argument," he said, "then why don't you eat rotten apples,—they are a product of nature?"

"In my judgement, prohibition can be enforced, but it is an individual responsibility and the officers cannot be expected to enforce the law without the co-operation of every citizen."

Mayor John W. Prugh presided at the meeting and in introducing Judge Wright declared that "there is a man who has the hardest job in Greene County excepting myself." The chairman next introduced Dr. B. R. McClelland, who took the audience back into the history of Greene County and Xenia to the pioneer days. "Alcohol was not the menace that it came to be later, when the 'little brown jug' was a necessary part of the household equipment and even the clergy felt the need of a little 'wine for the stomach's sake,'" Dr. McClelland recalled "one of his sweetest memories, that of his mother kneeling with other sainted women before Xenia saloons."

The speaker said the Prohibition movement was never championed by the large newspapers but that it "was a movement, heaven-born in answer to prayer."

W. W. Galloway, Cedarville spoke on "Prohibition and Business," and said that "a flask on the hip used to be one of the business men's

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A THREE DAYS COUGH IS YOUR DANGER SIGNAL

Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action: it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

Of all known drugs, creosote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for persistent coughs and colds and other forms of throat troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of persistent coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, bronchitis and other forms of respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (adv.)

Only A Few More Days Of Our Overloaded Sale 250 Men's and Young Men's Fine Overcoats

\$35.00 OVERCOATS \$17.50

\$25.00 OVERCOATS \$12.50

\$30.00 OVERCOATS \$15.00

Men's And Young Men's Fine Suits And Trousers 1-3 Off

Best makes Sheep-skin Coats, Sheep-lined Corduroy Coats, Leather Coats, Leather Vests, Sheep-lined Vests 1-3 off.

1-3 off on all Sweaters, Lumber-Jacks, Slip-Overs, Wool Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery and all Furnishing goods, Hats and Caps.

LARGEST SHOE DEPARTMENT IN XENIA

Largest stock to select from. All kinds of Footwear for every member of the family, 1-3 off. Rubber Footwear, 1, 2, 4, 6 Buckle Arctics, Galoshes, Sheep Shoes, High Top Lace Shoes, Felt Boots, Rubber Boots 1-3 off in this big sale.

Only a Few More Days. Don't Miss It !!

C. A. KELBLE'S

Big Clothing and Shoe Store, 17-19 W. Main St.

EDITORIAL

The Evening Gazette and The Morning Republican published daily except Sunday at the Gazette Building, South Detroit Street, Xenia, Ohio, by the Ohio Publishing Company, Inc. Entered as second-class matter under act of March 3rd, 1879, at the Postoffice, Xenia, Ohio.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES	1 Mo.	3 Mo.	6 Mo.	1 Yr.
In Greene County	\$4.00	\$11.00	\$19.00	\$35.00
Zones 1 and 2	.45	1.15	2.15	4.00
Zones 3, 4 and 5	.50	1.30	2.40	4.50
Zones 6 and 7	.55	1.45	2.65	5.00
Zone 8	.60	1.50	2.90	5.50

By carrier in Xenia, 15 cents per week. Single Copy, Three Cents

Business Office—111 TELEPHONE Editorial Rooms—75
Advertising and Business Office—111
Circulation Department—111
Editorial Department—111

BIBLE THOUGHT

GIVING GETS.—There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. Proverbs 11:24.

GETTING NEW BUSINESS

The progressive business firm finds that it needs to be constantly making new friends and creating a new circle of customers. If it just depends on satisfying those who have previously bought its goods, it is likely to see its trade diminished. Population changes more rapidly now than formerly, and if a firm has a certain list of customers this year, it can expect, as the result of all the changes that naturally occur, that a considerable proportion of those customers will not be on the list in a year or two.

Also people are changeable in their habits, and unless a very energetic effort is made to hold old customers by advertising, a lot of them will go elsewhere, attracted by the various inducements that are offered them.

People are not much inclined as they were often formerly, just to trade at one place or a few places right along year after year. They are quick to get the idea, if some firm seems to be hustling a little harder than its competitors to please the people, and no feeling of habit or sentiment for something they want.

By an active campaign of advertising, a firm can keep making new business friends, to make up for those who drift elsewhere. It does not take elaborate persuasion to win such new customers in these times.

People are ready to go to any place of business where the spirit of enterprise and hustle seems to prevail. A concern that makes it a regular practice to advertise, even if it does not take a large amount of space, will have a constant stream of inquirers entering its doors, who will more than make up for old customers who go elsewhere.

CORPULENCE AND CARS

Englishmen have noticed it already. The other day an observant Londoner in a restaurant, patronized mostly by tourists, counted a score of fat persons and found later that over half of them were Americans. His conclusion was that Americans have been gaining in weight since the war and are destined to take the place of the Dutch as the most corpulent nation on earth. He had seen the American soldiers during the war. He now compares these elderly and well-fed sightseers with the trim doughboys who had passed through London in 1917. The contrast led him to the hasty conclusion that Americans are suddenly growing stout. Had he been in the United States he might have noted the same physical change, only he would have seen that it was gradual and that it began long before the war.

Half a century ago the only Yankee known to Europe was a tall, spare individual, summed up in "Uncle Sam." That is the outstanding point of reference from which we can measure our descent. How did the change occur? The English observer in the restaurant, probably influenced by his surroundings, declares it is due to heavy eating. Americans, he says, were not forced to half starve themselves, either during or after the war, like some European nations. But others have suggested a better explanation: Our tendency to obesity is due to the increased use of the automobile. The motor car is so convenient and saves so much exertion that many have fallen into lazy habits.

THE QUALITY OF OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE

Unless one takes the extreme pacifist position and believes that we should cease to maintain any army and navy at all, it is hard to see how one can reasonably oppose the voting by congress of funds sufficient to keep such land and sea defenses as we do retain at a high level of efficiency.

This means that our ships of war and auxiliary craft should be kept in prime condition for service, and that their equipment should be kept strictly abreast of modern scientific developments in that field. It means that the personnel, from top to bottom, should be sufficient to man these vessels effectively, and that conditions of subsistence and promotion should be such as to inspire the personnel not merely with a feeling of contentment but with a pride in the uniform which they wear, and an ambition to give the best that is in them to the country's service.

The same principle of course applies to the army. Unless we are to disband it altogether, we should make it and keep it just what it purports to be—an absolutely efficient instrument of national defense, in case of emergency. This means, under existing circumstances, that it should possess a corps of officers numerous enough, and well enough trained, to form an adequate nucleus for the speedy creation of a much larger army, in case of sudden emergency. It means that conditions of promotion should be such as to furnish a goodly number of officers in the higher ranks, while still in the prime of active life, and to inspire the younger officers with an ambition which will have some reasonable hope of attainment. It means that all shall be comfortably housed, well fed and supplied with every facility for adequate training.

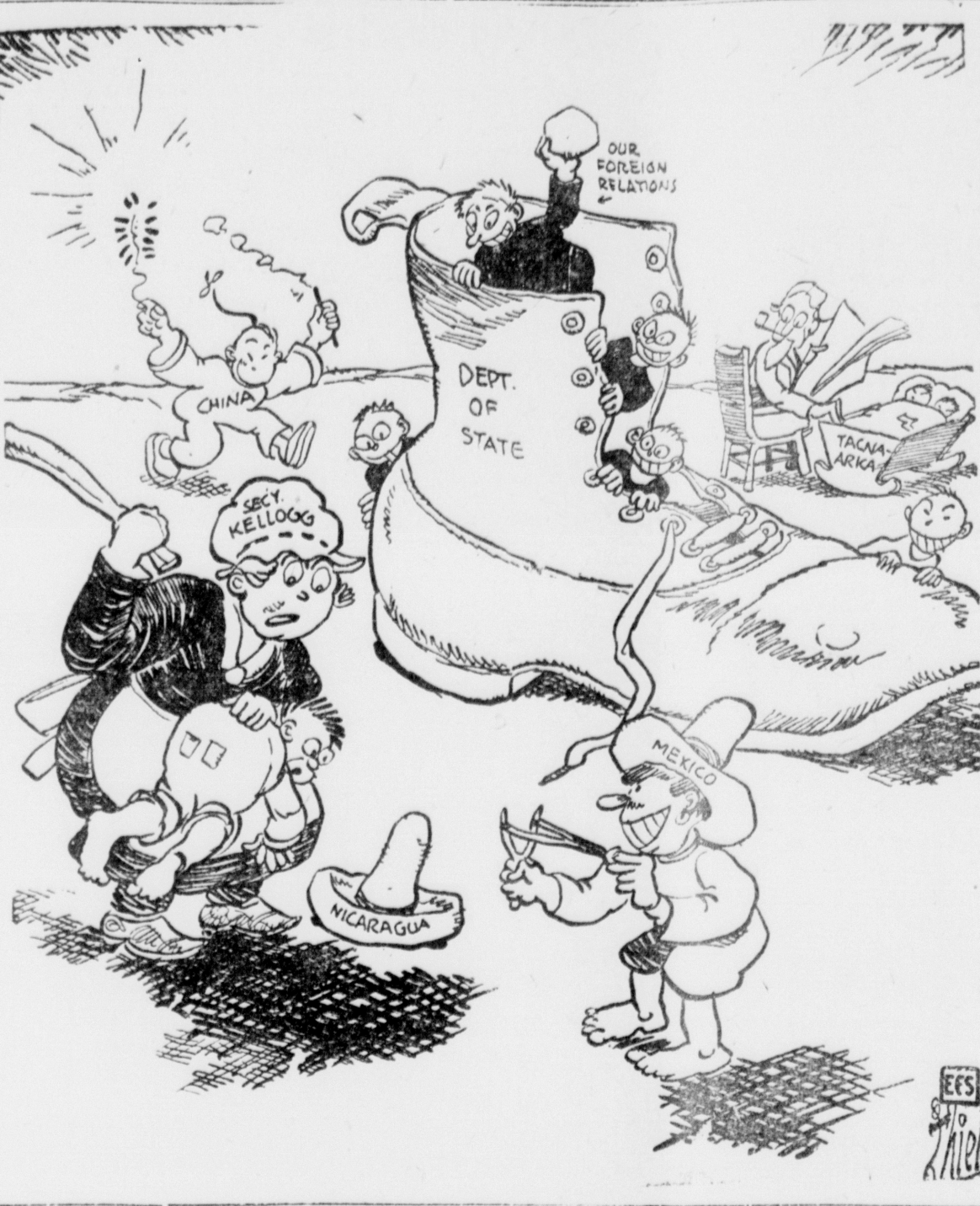
DEMOCRAT NAMED

CADIZ, O., Jan. 17.—John Rea, the second Democrat to serve as commissioner of Harrison County in its history and a quarter of existence, today is the 1927 president of the board, having been elected at the January meeting when the reorganization was effected. Mr. Rea is a son of A. J. Rea, the first Democrat to hold the position.

PLEAD NOT GUILTY

Caz and Hiram Antise, bound over from Osborn on charges of "beating" board bills, pleaded not guilty when brought before Probate Judge S. C. Wright Friday by Prosecutor J. Carl Marshall.

Old Woman Who Lives In A Shoe

Keeping Healthy
by Dr. A. F. Currier

SELF-MEDICATION

A lawyer who defends himself in court, is said to have a fool for a client. The case is somewhat similar, though possibly not quite so bad, for the person who attempts to be his own doctor.

This is certainly so for those diseases in which there is obscurity and the treatment of which puzzles even those who have been especially trained for such work. The important principle always seems to be that a man is not the best judge of his own actions or of his own physical condition. I am not sufficiently acquainted with law to speak for the lawyer, but I can for the doctor. To serve himself, the individual who has not had medical training is journeying into a strange country when he begins to prescribe medicines for his physical ailments.

I do not mean by this, that there are not plenty of men and women with average or more than average intelligence, who are quite competent to attend to ordinary ills with success. Many mothers have carried their children through mumps and measles and even scarlet fever, without the aid of a doctor. Perhaps there was no doctor to be had, or perhaps they hadn't the money to pay a doctor and were unwilling to accept charity.

Fortunately nature is very often on the side of the sick, but those who are relying upon its aid do not always know what pitfalls and complications may arise, and they go ahead like adventurous sailors in unfamiliar waters. It is generally safer for a sailor to hire a pilot, though it may be more expensive; and it is because of the popular ignorance of the relation between symptom and disease that self-medication is often futile and dangerous.

To meet the requirements of those who are willing to risk a confidence in their own judgment or the judgment of their friends and neighbors in their selection of medicines, and who are unwilling to incur the expense of a doctor, the manufacturing pharmacists have loaded the market with a multitude of compounds and concoctions known as patent or proprietary medicines, because their names and formulas are protected by the law of copyright and because they belong to those who are thus protected. These medicines differ greatly in their effectiveness; some are useful, some indifferent, some positively harmful.

The less they propose in the way of curing disease, the more truthful are their representations. Those which promise to cure such complicated and serious diseases as cancer, consumption, Bright's disease, paralysis, etc., are unmitigated frauds and humbugs. Even if they were able to relieve temporarily a single symptom or group of symptoms, which few of them are able to do, that is infinitely remote from curing disease.

And weak and the suffering is terrible. Should I have my urine examined and is it probable that there was infection after childbirth? My teeth are bad and some of them are loose. Please help me if possible.

Answer—I should think from your story that your trouble was clearly the result of infection. If your teeth are bad they should be removed and it would be well to have the urine examined as you suggest. For local application I know of nothing better than carbolic zinc ointment, being careful to protect the eyes. To eliminate the infectious material take a warm bath every night and a tablespoonful of Epsom salts in a glass of hot water.

Little Old New York

By JOSEPH VAN RAALTE

Exclusive Dispatch, Copyright, 1927 NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—A few extracts from the forthcoming volume, "Saratoga Similes," evolved and edited by the Duchess: Madder than a bilked landlady. Colder than a bartender's handshake. Sadder than the life story of a chorus girl to an out-of-town man about town. Sweeter as the smile of an untipped taxi-driver. Meaningless as the Leanperrin label on a bottle of Worcester in a railroad restaurant. Appetizing as a soda fountain sandwich. Sincere as a Queen Marie testimonial in a cold cream ad. Patient as a nickel phone operator with a stuttering drunk.

The Theatre

An interesting theatrical dispute passed upon recently by Equity was that resulting from an actor being fined for speaking the lines of the author. A musical play called "Spring Magic" was tried out by Mary Kirkpatrick and Tom Powers, a well-known actor and member of the Equity Council, was engaged at a salary of \$1,000 a week to play the leading role. But at rehearsal Mr. Powers refused to speak certain of the author's lines, on the ground that they were "hopeless and didn't mean anything." He left the show rather than speak the lines and Miss Kirkpatrick complained to Equity with the result that Powers was fined two weeks salary.

"The case is interesting in that it established a wholesome precedent, which, in future, will make players more respectful toward authors and more wary about interfering with their lines," says Arthur Hornblow, editor of "Theater Magazine." "Mr. Powers' estimate of the lines he was called upon to speak seems to have been justified for the play in question soon closed but technically, of course, his stand was indefensible. Too many actors are inclined to think the author a person of little consequence a person to be easily criticized and 'improved' upon. One often hears actors say they have 'created' certain parts. Actually an actor creates the author. The actor merely interprets the character which the author has created. The actor does what he is told to do and no more. Of course an actor can so embellish, round out and improve a part,

HOOSIER IMPRESSIONS

As I leave Indianapolis after a brief stay, here are a few of the items that stuck in my mind: Booth Tarkington, sitting far down in a big chair, holding a cigar as large as a cigar, and laughing over the recollection of the time his nephew got hurt and rode home from the doctor's office with another boy in a hired automobile. That was long ago, when automobiles were still a novelty and could be hired only for a full hour. As he neared home, the boy discovered that he would have to pay for an hour's ride whether he used it all or not, and had twenty minutes coming to him. Though his head was bleeding and he could

FRED KELLY

hardly sit up, he decided to ride around town until he had used up the other twenty minutes. Meredith Nicholson talking about James Whitcomb Riley. It seems that Riley had many little aversions and an especial distaste for being patted on the shoulder or handled in any way. Another was for being called Jim. When a young man, Riley perpetrated a brilliant literary hoax by putting out a poem of his own, called Leonanie, which was everywhere accepted as a long undiscovered gem by Edgar Allan Poe. In after years, Riley was so ashamed of this practical joke, clever though it was, that none of his intimates dared mention Leonanie.

Kin Hubbard's remark about a friend who shows up occasionally "as unexpectedly as an umbrella."

MAKING MODERN MENUS

The art of attractive serving is nowhere more apparent than in the appetizer which precedes the meal. It may be a canape or fish cocktail, but in either instance it must be a delight to the eye as well as to the palate. The table which is set and ready for guests with appetizers at each place presents a most inviting appearance.

SARDINE CANAPE

Shape slices of bread with a circular fluted cutter, saute in butter and then spread each piece with sardine butter which is made by mashing the sardines with a fork and mixing with creamed butter. Season the mixture highly with lemon juice and cayenne. After spreading, garnish the edge of each canape with finely chopped egg white and on top of this the tiniest shreds of pimento. In the center of each, put half a stuffed olive. A caviar canape may be made in the same way.

LOBSTER CANAPE

Cut bread in two or three-inch rounds and saute in butter. Prepare finely chopped well-seasoned lobster meat, sauteed to a paste with creamed butter and Worcester-shire sauce. Make mounds of this mixture on the round of bread and garnish with olives.

Another canape is made by cutting your bread with a doughnut cutter. Saute in butter, arrange on plates and fill the center of each with seasoned caviar. With a pastry tube put creamed butter around the edge, and then dot over with pearl onions. Sift over with rice and hard boiled egg.

COCKTAIL SAUCE

Half a cup tomato catsup, juice of half a lemon, one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon of grated horseradish, one-half teaspoon of tobacco, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of minced onion. This will make sauce for six.

Many Minds SIGNIFICANT SAYINGS OF THE DAY

"Farmers and farm workers must join in strong unions, else they will progress."—Ramsay MacDonald, leader of English Labor party and former premier.

"After one year of genuine effort I am forced to the conclusion that the prohibition law is unenforceable and that its enforcement is unpopular with the people, and that any attempt to try and enforce it only leads to the breach of the peace. My experiences have been very bitter and I want the public to know it. I have ceased all efforts in that direction."—Magistrate James G. Ball, Cincinnati.

"We should never take something for nothing and I am sorry to say that this is the main trouble that comes before the bench."—Charles L. Guy, retiring as justice of New York state supreme court.

"The lines of the face give no indication of a person's character or social status."—Dr. Stuart A. Rice, professor of sociology in the University of Pennsylvania, who declares that many people mistake bootleggers for United States senators and financiers for labor leaders.

Twenty Years 07 - Ago - '27

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Bebb have returned after a short visit in Washington, D. C. Mr. George Hudson, who is connected with the R. A. Kelly Co., left for New York and Philadelphia, where he will be engaged in business for a few days.

A petition for a mile-long county ditch to be known as the Koozler ditch, was granted by County Commissioners. Clifford McGary, employed by a contracting firm with offices in Baltimore and Washington, D. C. is spending a few days in Xenia.

Mr. John Weatherwax has taken a position with the San Pedro Salt Works at Long Beach, Calif.

KELLYGRAMS by FRED C. KELLY

Attorney George M. Barnard's woman relative who received for a Christmas gift years ago a knitted slencer to go on the lid of a slop-jar, but mistook it for a hat and wore it as a Tam o'Shanter all that winter.

A story about Harry New, now postmaster-general, when he was a pallbearer at President Harrison's funeral. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, something happened en route to the cemetery so ridiculous that he was compelled to cover his face with his hands and laugh silently until the tears came. The worst of it was that the moisture on his black pallbearer's gloves spread black streaks all over his face until he looked as if he might be partly made up for a minstrel show.

How to Achieve Beauty

DIAGNOSIS OF THE SKIN

Treatment for Sluggish Skin Today in finishing my series of talks on the different types of skin texture, I want to touch a little (that is all I can do at this time) on the importance of giving added thought and attention to skins that are sluggish, and inclined to discoloration which may be the result of an upset internal condition.

This sort of a skin is often possessed by women of forty or more. It is really too bad, many women do not realize the importance of counteracting this before the evil becomes so deeply rooted that it requires just that much additional effort and care to get it back to anywhere near normal.

It is really a shame to see women of perhaps thirty-five or forty-five years of age, who can afford the best the world offers in clothes and all the luxuries dear to a woman's heart appearing in public, dressed in the height of fashion, with skins that are yellow and blotchy. It entirely spoils their appearance. No matter how smart a frock or a hat, it will lose a great deal of its charm if the wearer has a skin that plainly shows the marks of neglect.

The sluggish skin is the skin that is subnormal in its activity in throwing off its own impurities which is the "active skin's" secret of beauty. An "active skin" will respond at once to fresh air, even to very cold air, and will brighten and glow under its influence while an inactive skin will either remain unaffected or will become pinched and blue or chapped and roughened.

The subnormal inactive skin which as I said before is the trouble with so many women, must be stimulated by the use of external aids. Considerably more strenuous methods are necessary for it than for the normal active skin.

The stimulating creams must be still more active, also the lotions and astringents. Most of all there must be a constant daily or even sometimes bi-daily application of some stimulating preparations which contain certain ingredients that whip the blood to the face with the most rapidity and massage.

The necessary massage includes vigorous slapping and vibrating of the face. For those who have not the perseverance or the patience to do this with their own hands, or cannot place themselves in the care of an expert for treatments, assistance may be obtained by using an electric vibrator.

Facial gymnastics is one of the newer theories for stimulating the skin and I expect to write a series of articles on this subject in the near future, which I trust you women whose skins need stimulation will read and practice.

SONGS of a HOUSEWIFE by Marjorie K. Rawlings

TREASURE

I shan't send Tom on errands for a while. My discipline shall be a trifle soft. Not mine the words to bring him back to earth—He's reading "Treasure Island" in the loft. He walks with Long John Silver, and the sea Beats with its music on his startled ears; And old blind Pew will seize his trembling arm, And stick a-tap, will haunt him down the years. He treads the ground unseeing, starry-eyed; Plays, eats and sleeps and studies in a trance. His mind consorts with pirates and with ships, In high adventure. He has found romance. Not mine the voice to call him from the realm Where sailors' parrots cry and silver gleams! He has found treasure past life's power to steal. He's keeping company, these days, with dreams.

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Every housewife probably has some pet activity she would like to see glorified. Drop a line to Mrs. Rawlings, care of this paper, and tell her about it.

GIRLIETTES



SHE HAS NO PRIDE - SHE WEARS THE SAME DRESS TWO DAYS IN SUCCESSION

CEDARVILLE TAKES URBANA COLLEGE IN FAST COURT FRACAS

Cedarville College Bucketeers won their second game from Urbana Junior College 23 to 19 Saturday night at the new Alford memorial gym at Cedarville in a game in which the close guarding of both teams was a feature.

The win marked Cedarville's fourth straight victory and its seventh in ten starts this season. As in the preceding Urbana contest the game was fast and furiously contested. Cedarville held a 10 to 8 lead at the half and at no period of the pastime were the teams separated by more than a few points. Jacobs was banished from the game via the personal foul route.

Paul Orr was the scoring ace for both teams, the Cedarville forward making sixteen counters. Gries was high point man for Urbana with eight markers. In the preliminary, the undefeated Cedarville College girls won from Urbana College girls 28 to 23 after a bitter battle. Cedarville led 17 to 13 at the half-way mark. Pimmell and Smith were high scorers. The college girls have won four straight games but expect to encounter more spirited opposition when Ohio Northern College is played Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock, preliminary to the appearance at Cedarville of Finley College for a game with Coach Borsta charges. Saturday night Cedarville will play Capital University at Cedarville.

Lineups: Cedarville (23) Urbana (19)
Orr 1 Gries
Nagley 1 Garrett
Rockhold 1 Wilson
Little 1 Conners
Marshall 1 Mann
Field goals—Orr 7, Rockhold 1.
Jacobs 1, Gries 2, Garrett 2, Wilson 1. Foul goals—Orr 2, Nagley 1, Little 1, Jacobs 1, Gries 2, Wilson 4, Mann 1. Substitutions: Cedarville—Jacobs for Marshall; Gordon for Little; Little for Jacobs; Urbana—Hanna for Gries; Pond for Conners; Gries for Garrett; Referee, Goffrey, Ohio State.

BOWLING

Greene County Lumber Co., leader in the Xenia Bowling League, extended its advantage to three full games during the past week by winning its set of three match games while the Fords were losing a pair. Arcade took second place relegating the Fords to third position.

Various matches scheduled this week in the first annual city championship doubles tournament will be sandwiched in between the regular league games, it is announced.

The standing:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Gr. Co. Lbr Co.	32	16	.667
Arcaide	29	19	.604
Fords	28	20	.583
Criteria	23	22	.511
McCurran Bros.	20	25	.444
Buicks	21	27	.437
Candy Kits	20	28	.416
Artesians	16	32	.333

RENDERS VERDICT

Verdict of accidental death was returned by Coroner F. M. Chambliss, after viewing the body of Chas. Lewis, 8, Ruth Ave., Dayton, who was killed by a Big Four train while picking coal along the track, Saturday.

Coroner Chambliss investigated the accident and exonerated trainmen in the death.

JAMESTOWN PLAYER PROMISING MUCH ON CINCINNATI U. TEAM

Only a substitute on the University of Cincinnati basketball team—but a lad that shows such promise that he is expected to play a prominent part in the Bearcats' struggle to retain the Ohio Buckeye Conference championship this season.

That in substance is what Queen City followers of the game think of Elden Earley, former Jamestown High School star, now a sophomore in the medical college at the university.

"Dan" they call him in Cincinnati. Using his head for something besides a basketball is his secret for success in athletics.

Earley is well thought of by Coach Boyd Chambers, but considers himself fortunate that he is now physically able to play basketball. He began his career with Jamestown High several years ago and was picked on any number of all-star teams.

His heady work and skill at baseball was also such that he could have gone to several Eastern colleges on scholarships. After playing a season with a Xenia independent diamond team he received several offers from minor league clubs.

Three years ago in August he finished his high school work. Sliding into third base in a game at Jamestown one day he skinned his hip in the baseball vernacular acquired a "strawberry." Earley did not care for it properly and it developed into a bad case of blood poisoning. Earley, who then tipped scales at 145 pounds, wasted away to sixty-five during the six months he was confined to bed. It was necessary to graft skin over his hip.

During the period of convalescence, Elden decided to study medicine when he fully recovered and the following fall registered at the University of Cincinnati. A brilliant athletic career is forecast for him before he graduates two years from now.

Earley has participated in every game on the Bearcats' schedule so far this year but has not shown quite enough ability to replace the two regular forwards. He expects to keep plugging, however, and will probably have a regular berth soon.

He is considered the most promising of any of the sophomores and will also help the university next spring when baseball comes into its own. Elden is rapidly regaining his former state of health and his weight is now within four pounds of what he weighed before contracting blood poisoning.

ARREST IS SEQUEL TO FATAL ACCIDENT ALONG DAYTON PIKE

William Robinson, colored, Cedarville, was at liberty Monday under \$400 bond after pleading not guilty before R. O. Copey, justice of the peace, Saturday to a charge of operating a car while intoxicated in connection with an auto accident on the Dayton and Xenia Pike January 9 in which his wife, Mrs. Lucella Robinson, 48, received fatal injuries.

Appearing before the magistrate following his arrest in Cedarville by Deputy Sheriff George Suggden, Robinson waived examination and was bound over to the grand jury.

He was taken into custody on a warrant signed by the Rev. A. J. Furstenberger, pastor of the United Brethren Church, Xenia, after returning from Richmond, Ind., where he attended funeral services for his wife.

The accident, a week ago occurred when a roadster driven by Robinson collided almost head-on with an auto driven by the Rev. Mr. Furstenberger, also containing three passengers.

Mrs. Robinson was crushed about the head, rendered unconscious and died later at Miami Valley Hospital.

It is alleged that a few minutes prior to this collision, Robinson had side-swiped an auto owned and driven by Henry Adamson, 164 Creighton Ave., Dayton, at the approach to a viaduct near the Montgomery County line.

Coroner Frank M. Chambliss will hold an inquest into the death Tuesday. A number of witnesses have been subpoenaed.

INFANT KILLED AS TRAIN HITS AUTO AT RAIL CROSSING

An eight-months-old baby was instantly killed and the father and mother injured, the latter seriously, when an auto was struck by an eastbound Pennsylvania passenger train at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Smithville Road crossing east of Dayton.

The dead infant is Bernard Fraas, and the injured are Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Fraas, 829 Greenlawn Ave., Dayton.

The train was in charge of J. H. Smith, Xenia, engineer, and G. E. Shrodes, Xenia, conductor.

Fraas, driver of the auto, was unable to stop the car on the icy approach to the crossing. Occupants were thrown from the car.

The baby was dead when picked up by passing motorists.

A police ambulance took the body and Mr. and Mrs. Fraas to Miami Valley Hospital. Fraas escaped serious injury but his wife, Margaret, was believed badly hurt.

FORMER CHIEF DIES
COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 17.—Patrick Kelly, 76, former police chief here from 1895 to 1904, is dead here today, a victim of heart disease. Kelly joined the department in 1877. Funeral services will be held Thursday morning.

ON THE AIR FROM CINCINNATI

WSAI:
7:00—Dan Dugan's Melody Boys.
7:30—New York string quartet.
10:00—Grand opera, "La Traviata" WEAF Grand Opera Co., New York.
11:00—Announcement of canners' convention at Atlantic City.
11:30—Theirs' orchestra.
WFBE:
7:30—Mara's Kentuckians.
8:00—Book chat.
8:10—Andy Gilligan's orchestra and tomorrow's dinner.
8:20—"The Origin of the Earth" William D. Johnson, Jr.
8:30—Conservatory of Music hour.
11:30—Old time melodies, Percy Fry and Pearl Whitt, mandolin and guitar.
10:00—Accordeon and banjo duets, Tuinz and Niles.
10:30—Like Ehrigott and Mack Stevens.
11:15—Gilligan's orchestra.
11:45—Warren Fishback, tenor.
12:30—DX program.
WLW:
6:50—Weather forecast.
7:00—Hotel Gibson orchestra, theatrical revue and talk.
8:00—Ford and Glenn.
9:00—Synchronized orchestra, soloist, Louis Vallin, tenor.
WKRC:
6:00—Husk O'Hare's orchestra from Auto Show.
6:25—Roethlis's Alma orchestra.
8:00—Accordeon solos, T. Paul Jordan.
8:15—Cincinnati Public schools program.
9:00—American Legion program.
12:00—Popular song program.

COURT NEWS

PAIR ARRESTED
Walter Dorrien, proprietor of the Atlas Hotel, and Dr. W. C. Zell, were charged with possessing liquor, following a police raid on the Atlas Hotel, S. Detroit St., Saturday night at 10 o'clock.

Both were released under bond, pending their arraignment before Mayor John W. Prugh Monday afternoon.

Zell is alleged to have thrown two half-pint bottles of liquor to the pavement. The officers mopped up the evidence with handkerchiefs.

Police then searched Dorrien and found a half-pint bottle, they reported. Two or three more half-pints were discovered in an upstairs room.

Patrolmen Charles Thompson, Ed Craig and George Robinson and W. J. Dorton, extra patrolman, conducted the raid.

POLICE MAKE RAID
Fifteen half-pint bottles containing corn whiskey and a number of empty cans and bottles were seized by police in a raid at the home of John Mickle, 45, E. Main St., early Saturday evening.

Mickle, charged with unlawful possession of liquor, was fined \$100 and costs when he pleaded guilty before Mayor John W. Prugh, Monday morning.

Patrolmen Fred Jones, Ed Craig and George Robinson made the raid.

FINED ON CHARGE
Pleading guilty to possession of

liquor, Joseph Kearney, this city, was fined \$100 and costs by Mayor Prugh Monday morning. He was arrested by Patrolman W. J. Dorton and Peter Shagin, motorcycle policeman, Saturday night.

NORTH WEST RADIO FANS SPENT THIRTY MILLION FOR SETS

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 17.—Northwest Radio Trade Association disclosed today that radio sets, parts and accessories in 1926, a survey completed by the Northwest Radio Trade Association disclosed. The survey shows that Twin City jobbers increased their sales of radio sets during 1926 by 40 per cent over the 1925 total in one of the most sensational business spurts in northwest trade history.

Twenty seven Minneapolis jobbers sold 68,150 radio sets with a retail value of \$7,620,000 during the year just closed.

As a result of increased sales, 22 per cent of the homes in Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth, Minnesota's three largest cities, are now equipped with radio sets.

Eighteen per cent of the homes in towns and smaller cities of the Northwest are now equipped with radios, while 14 per cent of the farm houses are "radioized."

The average retail price paid by residents of the Northwest for their radio sets, exclusive of accessories, was \$112.20 in 1926 as compared to \$102.03 for last year.

UNION ELATED BY COURT DECISION

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 17.—Union officials here are elated over the recent decision of the court of appeals reversing an injunction against 600 workmen who walked off the job at the new Bell Telephone Company's skyscraper.

"This is a blow at the growing government by injunction," declared W. J. Corrigan, attorney for the men.

"In the past the injunction has been used so often against labor, and on such flimsy grounds, that hands of the workers have been tied. They came to believe there was no justice for them in the courts. This decision is most important."

INFIRMARY FARMER RESIGNS POSITION

W. M. Hughes, for twelve years farmer at the Greene County Infirmary, has resigned to take charge of the 370-acre farm of Dr. Shroyer, near Troy, O. His resignation took effect Saturday Jan. 15.

Mr. Hughes' successor has not been announced. Elbert Knick and Mr. Hughes' son, Ralph Hughes, will go with him to Troy, to manage the Shroyer estate.

DAILY MARKETS

LIVE STOCK
CINCINNATI LIVESTOCK
Hogs—Receipts, 4,000 heldover. 657. Market, steady; sows and pigs, unchanged. Quotations: 250-350 lbs., \$11.75@12.40; 200-250 lbs., \$12.40@12.60; 160-200 lbs., \$12.50@12.65; 130-160 lbs., \$12.50@12.65; 90-130 lbs., \$10@11; packing sows, \$9.75@11.
Cattle—Receipts, 1,500; calves, 400; market, slaughter cattle, steady; Steers, active; bulls, 25c higher; veal 50c higher, top \$15; Bulk quotations: Beef steers, \$7@9.50; yearling steers and heifers, \$6.50@10; beef cows, \$4.75@6.75; low cutter and cutter cows, \$3.75@4.50; vealers, \$10@15; heavy calves \$6@10; bulk stock and feeder steers, \$6@7.
Sheep—Receipts, 150; market, steady; Quotations: top fat lambs, \$13; fat lambs, \$9.50@13; bulk cull lambs, \$4@6; bulk fat ewes, \$3@5.50.
CHICAGO LIVESTOCK
Hogs—Receipts, 46,000; market, 10@15c lower; top, \$12.25; bulk, \$11.75@12.10; heavyweight, \$11.80@12.15; medium weight, \$11.85@12; light weight, \$11.85@12.25; light lights, \$11.85@12.25; packing sows, \$10.70@11.40; pigs, \$11.45@12.15; Cattle—Receipts, 28,000; market, 15@25c lower; calves, receipts, 4,000; market, 25c lower; Beef Steers—Good and choice, \$10.50@12.45; common and medium, \$7.50@9.50; yearlings, \$8@12.50; butcher cattle—heifers, \$5.50@10.50; cows, \$5@8; bulls, \$5.50@7.50; calves, \$11.50@13.50; feeder steers, \$6@8.50; stocker steers, \$5.50@8; stocker cows and heifers, \$4@8.
Sheep—Receipts, 18,000; market, steady; medium and choice lambs, \$12.50@13.25; culls and common \$9@10.50; yearlings, \$9.50@10.75; common and choice ewes, \$4@7.50; feeder lambs, \$11.50@12.75.
PITTSBURGH LIVESTOCK
Cattle—Supply, 950; market, steady; choice, \$9.50@10; prime, \$9.25@9.75; good, \$9.00@9.10; tidy butchers, \$8.65@9.25; fair, \$8.25@8.65; common, \$6.50@7.50; common to good fat bulls, \$5@7.50; common to good fat cows, \$3.50@6; heifers, \$7.25@8.25; fresh cows and springers, \$5@10; veal calves, \$14.50.
Sheep and Lamb—Supply, 3,000; market higher; good \$8; Lambs, \$13.25.
Hogs—Receipts, 4,500; market, higher; prime heavy, \$12.30@12.40; heavy mixed, \$12.50@12.60; mediums, \$12.75@12.85; heavy Yorkers, \$12.75@12.85; light Yorkers, \$12.75@12.85; pigs, \$12.75@12.85; roughs, \$10@11.25; stags, \$5@7.50.
XENIA LIVESTOCK
Greene County Livestock Shipping Assn.
Heavy—\$11.70@11.80.
Medium—\$11.60@11.70.
Light—\$11.70@11.80.
Calves—\$13.
Lambs—\$11.25.
Packing sows—\$9@10.
DAYTON

Receipts 6 cars; market, 10@25c. Heavy, 200 lbs. up \$12.35 up.
Mediums, 200 lbs down \$12.00
Light, 140 \$12.00
Pigs, 140 down \$10@12
Stags \$5@8
Sows \$8@10.50

CATTLE
Receipts, light; market, steady. Best fat steers \$8@9 up.
Veal calves \$8@12
Medium butcher steers \$7@8
Medium butcher heifers \$5@6
Best butcher heifers \$7@8
Best fat cows \$5@6
Bologna cows \$3@4
Medium cows \$4@5
SHEEP
Spring lambs \$6@10
Sheep \$2@5
GRAIN
DAYTON
Flour and Grain
(By the Durr Milling Co.)
(Prices being paid for grain at mill.)
Wheat, No. 1, New, \$1.30.
Rye, No. 2, 85c per bushel.
Corn, 70c per 100 lbs.
Oats, per bu, 48c.
PRODUCE
CLEVELAND PRODUCE
Butter, 52c@53c.
Extra firsts, 49 1-2@50 1-2c.
Firsts, 48 1-2@49 1-2c.
Packing stock, 37c@38c.
Eggs, fresh, 47 1-2c.
Extra firsts, 44 1-2c.
First, 43@43 1-2c.
Pullets, 31c.
LIVE POULTRY
Heavy fowls, 28@30c.
Live fowls, 28@30c.
Leghorn fowls, 18@20c.
Heavy broilers, 25@26c.
Springers, 28@29c.
Leghorn broilers, 22@23c.
Roosters, 16c@17c.
Geese, 25@27c.
Ducks, 30c@32c.
Young, 21c@23c.
Turkeys, 38@40c.
POTATOES
Ohio, \$1.25@1.35 bu.
Cobblers, \$4@5 in 150 lb. bags.
New Jersey, \$4.25 per 150 lbs.
Idaho, \$4.50 per 110 lb. bag.
Michigan, \$4.00 per 150 lbs.
Minnesota, \$3.75@4 per 150 lbs.
Home grown, 90c per half bushel basket.
Wisconsin, \$4.25@5.35, 150 lb. bag.

Sweet Potatoes, \$1.25@1.50.
Oleo, high grade; rimal oils, 26c@27c; lower grades, 20c@22c.
Cheese, York State, 27c@28c.
Maine, \$3.75 per 150 lbs.
Tomatoes, \$4.50@5 crate.
Strawberries, 65@75c qt.
Cabbage, \$1.00@1.10 bu.
Cucumbers, \$4.50@5 crate.

DAYTON PRODUCE
Retail Price
(Corrected by The Joe Frank Co.)
Butter, 58c.
Eggs, 45c dozen.
Roasting chickens, 42c.
Stewing chickens, 42c.
1926 fries, 42c lb.
Spring ducks, 45c lb.
Live roosters, 23c lb.
Live hens, 30c lb.
Prices Being Paid at Plant for Live Poultry and Eggs
Eggs, 48c dozen.
Heavy hens, 23c lb.
Leghorn hens, 20c lb.
Colored fries, 20c lb.
1926 leghorn fries, 20c lb.
Turkeys, 40c lb.
Roosters, 12c lb.
Spring ducks, 20c lb.
Butter
(By Miami Valley Co-operative Milk Producers' Association)
Butter, 53c wholesale.
Retail Price
XENIA
Eggs, 38c dozen.
Leghorn springers, 12c.
Springers, 21c.
Hens, 22c.
Sneezing? Sniffing? Stop That Head Cold
When you feel a dangerous head cold coming, check it quickly. Take new Musterole Laxative Cold Tablets. The safe, pleasant chocolate coated tablet that usually brings quick relief. They do not cause griping or head-buzzing. Always keep Musterole Cold Tablets handy. Prepared by makers of famous Musterole used for relieving muscular pains and chest colds. All Druggists, 35c. The Musterole Company, Cleveland, O.
MUSTEROLE
LAXATIVE COLD TABLETS
Chocolate Coated Tablets

BIJOU THEATER

TONIGHT AND TUESDAY
Corinne Griffith
In
"CLASSIFIED"
Also
"THE JELLY FISH"
A Two Reel Comedy.
Coming—Harold Lloyd
In
"THE KID BROTHER"

What our chemists call, "an almost perfect seal for tobacco condition"—a heavy soft-foil package with an extra outside wrapper of glassine....

TOBACCO MADE FOR PIPES AND CUT FOR PIPES
-PACKED SENSIBLY AND ECONOMICALLY

- isn't that exactly what pipe smokers want?

AFTER all, what men want is good tobacco, first and foremost; a better packing or lower price is always secondary. And good tobacco is precisely what Granger Rough Cut offers—quality Burley of the ripest, richest grade, specially made by "Wellman's Method," an old-time secret for sealing in the flavor. What's more, the "Rough Cut" is the one way pipe tobacco should be cut for cool smoking.

The lower price is welcome, of course—but it's what's *inside* that has made Granger the most talked-about new brand in all our experience.



10¢
Granger Rough Cut
PIPE TOBACCO



by *Kathryn Kenney* OFFS
"THE PET IN THE HOME"

little dogs and little husbands, cause it makes them feel more important when they walk out. It is easier to lead them, but it's harder to find them! Some women lead a simple life, and a simpler dog, if expression counts for anything.

A dog that won't jump when you whistle is as bad as a husband at does. Hair all over a man's face doesn't mean a thing, since it has replaced a "blessed r home." And many a man has chip on his shoulder because he's on loving a blockhead.

One thing about having goldfish pets, if you give them water, they don't have to take the air.

Many a man who thought he was going to have a home finds that he's married to a circus. He has to come home and walk the dog and turn day into night for the canary bird. A dog used to be a dog, now he's a design on the carpet and you have to have a megaphone and a microscope to find him!

Dogs and cats may come back, but after all the nicest pet of all is the canary bird; when you open the door of the cage it leaves at once and never comes back to drop seed in your hair! This is the age of petting and the smaller the pets, the better.

WHILE UNCLE BIM'S MOST OF FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS ANXIOUSLY SEEK THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE STRICKEN MAN'S BEDSIDE TELEGRAMS OF INQUIRY - LETTERS OF SYMPATHY AND MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE FOLLOW EACH OTHER LIKE SHEEP OVER A FENCE -

FROM THE WIDOW ZANDER - LIKE THE BLOODHOUNDS CHASING LITTLE EVA - ICE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO HER -

A KINDLY REMEMBRANCE - IN THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS IT MEANS REMEMBER TO PUT MY NAME IN YOUR WILL -

?

DING! DING! DING! DING!

SIDNEY SMITH

Rep. U. S. Fed. Off., Copyright, 1927 by The Chicago Tribune

IF THIS COLD SNAP KEEPS UP, I'M GOIN' TO HIT UP THE GOVONOR FOR A SUIT O' UNDERWEAR.

1-17



Begin "The Hollywood Girl" On This Page Today

CHAPTER I

SHE was not always of Hollywood. She was born right here in this very town, in a little house that stands far out on Locust street behind a neat hedge and a square of green grass. And she lived there for twenty-two years before she ever set foot in Hollywood—that city of stars and studios!

Her name was Roberta Ruth Ransom, and Bobbie for short. That is, her father called her Bobbie, and so did Andrew Jerrold, who was in love with her.

To the little girls and boys of the first reader room at Locust street school she was known as "Say, Teacher" and "Miss Ransom."

It was aristocratic Aunt Gertrude who nicknamed her "the Hollywood girl." For, though you would never have guessed it to look at her, Bobbie was movie-struck.

She was. She was one of the thousands and thousands of girls all over this broad country—from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon—who are wildly eager to break into the movies.

There never was a week when she did not go at least twice to the nearest moving-picture show, and sit there lost to the world for two hours.

There was never a single motion-picture magazine that she missed. She bought every one on the market, and she read them all from cover to cover.

She could tell you off-hand what year John Gilbert was born, why Marian Davis bobbed her hair, and that the real name of Mary Pickford is Gladys Smith Fairbanks.

The walls of her bedroom in the Locust street house were completely covered with photographs of the famous stars of the silver screen.

And daily she prayed to the god of Things-As-They-Ought-To-Be that somehow or other she might get to Hollywood—to the colorful little motion picture town that lies like a bright jewel between Hollywood Junction and Beverly Hills.

You would never have thought Bobbie Ransom "movie mad" to look at her. She didn't strike you as being burlesque or rattle-brained.

But, as far as that went, she didn't look much like a hard-working school teacher, either. There was no chalk-dust in her hair, no horn-rimmed glasses on her tilted nose, no air of primness about her.

She was only twenty-one and she looked much younger. The more she tried to brush her hair down smoothly on her cunning head, the more wildly it curled up into yellow gold rings. The corners of her mouth turned up slyly, and there was a sunny twinkle far back in her deep eyes, always.

She was that prettiest thing on earth—a brown-eyed blond. When she looked at her, she made you think of lovely folk and things—sunrise, roses, daffodils, and Black-eyed Susans. And she had beauty with a capital B.

Now, beauty can be a great curse as well as a great blessing—and for that very reason the story of a woman with beauty is usually more thrilling than the story of a plain Jane.

And, furthermore, if a beautiful woman has ambition as well as good looks—Ah, then, she has a story worth the telling.

Robbie Ransom had both beauty and ambition. That drove her to the very edge of the world, and she was NOT to go back to teaching school in September.

Instead of that she would take her courage in both hands and go to Hollywood—to "break into" the movies, by some hook or crook.

"It's now or never!" she said passionately to her Aunt Gertrude, who had always been like a mother to her. "I just will make the break this fall. I won't stay here any longer and dither in the 'twos."

She was sitting in the kitchen of the comfortable white house at the time, watching her aunt make ginger-snaps.

The kitchen was full of warm sunlight and the hot spicy smell of the baking cookies.

Aunt Gertrude, in the clearest of dotted Swiss dresses and aprons, hummed to herself as she took pan after pan out of the oven. Mag, the family cat, dozed on a rug just inside the screen door. Outside, the backyard glowed peacefully under the midsummer heat.

Everything seemed quiet and restful and at peace. Everything, that is, but Bobbie herself.

She looked about as peaceful as a storm at sea as she sat at one end of the big kitchen table, with her knees drawn right up to her chin and her arms clasped around them. Her brown eyes snapped and her mouth quivered as she talked.

"I never did want to teach school," she began with a shrill cry. "Ever since I was old enough to think I've been dying to get out to Hollywood and try my luck—and now I'm going by Jinks!"

"What are you going to do for railroad fare, Bobbie?" asked the sarcastic Aunt Gertrude, and went on calmly counting ginger-snaps into a tall brown crock. "Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty."

Aunt Gertrude had heard Bobbie rave about breaking into moving pictures before. Moreover, she knew that Bobbie did not have half enough money put away to risk leaving home to go to Hollywood or any other place.

For Bobbie was the soul of extravagance. She seldom saved a penny.

"The trouble is that I like nice things," she often explained to Aunt Gertrude, when that sensible spinster was scolding her about throwing her money to the four winds of heaven. "I like things that cost in dollars and cents and I like Irish crochet on my and—things. I hate cheap, common things."

With your salary, you don't have to have cheap, common things," Aunt Gertrude would say back at her. "But you'll never see your money on such ugly things."

rubbers and carry an umbrella. She would spend a dollar on a pair of white gardenia that wilted in half an hour, when an imitation one at the same price would have lasted twenty times as long and looked almost as well.

"But I love nice things. They have such a heavenly smell," was all the explanation she could make to Aunt Gertrude, who shook a despairing head over her.

Aunt Gertrude never could understand Bobbie. "You're like your mother was," she would say. "She never knew how to save a red cent and neither do you. And if there had been movies in her day she probably would have been crazy-mad to be a picture actress, too."

But moving pictures were barely known in the days when Bobbie's mother had lived, twenty years ago and more.

She had died when Bobbie was a tiny baby, and there was only a faded photograph of her on the wall of her bedroom to show Bobbie how sweet and gay and pretty she had been.

The picture showed her with the same blonde curls that topped Bobbie's lovely little head, and with the same dark-lashed eyes and smiling lips.

Sometimes Bobbie felt that the woman in the picture would have been better than anybody living. To talk about going out to Hollywood before her father was like waving a red flag before an angry bull.

But Bobbie made up her mind that hot August afternoon that she would talk to him about going, that very night at supper. Because, if she really were going to go to search for fame and fortune in the movies, she would have to ask him for the money to do it with.

She couldn't—Aunt Gertrude pointed out—use buttons for money.

"No, I'll have to ask Dad to let me have some money," she said to herself, as she left the kitchen and climbed the stairs to the cool second floor where her father lived.

At six o'clock Mr. Ransom came home. He was a thin, small, sandy man of quiet disposition and occasional violent bursts of temper.

He always came home at six o'clock. He was the soul of habit and precision.

He always left the house at eight in the morning to go down to the hardware store, where he had been head clerk for nearly thirty years.

On Sundays, unless the weather was bad, he went to church in the morning, ate a heavy Sunday dinner, and then drove out into the country in his Ford car. That was his program of life, year after year.

Looking at him, you couldn't believe that he was the father of a creature so wild and so full of life and radiant color as Bobbie. He was so colorless and dried-up looking, himself.

"Well, today sure was a scorcher, wasn't it?" he asked, as the three of them sat down to an evening meal. "A cold supper tonight was an inspiration, Gertrude."

Aunt Gertrude beamed over the rims of her glasses. She loved to be praised for her good works.

There was a knock at the door. It was a wonderful housekeeper and she had toiled day in and day out for her brother and his motherless child, for a great many years without reward.

She kept the house in shining order. She did the ironing and mended the clothes. She made the garden, and kept the house bright with flowers. She was one of those excellent women who know how to make people's bodies wonderfully comfortable and their souls marvellously uncomfortable.

She was nagging and sarcastic, and a busy-body, besides.

She had "spells" of nagging when Dad steered clear of the house, and when Bobbie, herself, would have run away from home if it hadn't been for Andy Jerrold.

Andy seemed to have a sort of second sight when it came to Aunt Gertrude and her "spells" of temper. Something seemed always to tell him when she was having one, and he would arrive on the scene and take Bobbie away for a drive or to one of the moving-picture shows that so fascinated her.

But, as for Aunt Gertrude, she was placid and good-natured. Her house was in order, her Saturday marketing and baking were done, and she was at peace with the world.

"I do find a certain pleasure in planning cold supper for hot nights and doing things like that," Robert," she said to her brother, with a sharp glance at Bobbie. "I'm not one of these wild women who think housekeeping and such things are beneath them."

"I suppose you mean me when you say that," Bobbie cut in quickly, flapping up her crooked and curly hair. She turned to her father. "Dad, I've been telling Aunt Gertrude that—that—"

"She's a good girl," he said, and then burst out: "Dad, I've made up my mind to go to Hollywood this fall."

He peered at her through the cool twilight of the room. "And what would you do in Hollywood?" he asked, although he knew perfectly well what she wanted to go there for.

"I—I think I could be a movie actress," said Bobbie. The words sounded foolish and childish, even in her own ears. They were not at all the sort of thing you would expect to hear from a young woman who had been teaching school for two years.

Mr. Ransom laughed at that. "Nonsense!" he said sharply. "You can't talk all that trash over too many times to ever have it come up again. It's absurd to have you talk about leaving home—and going to Hollywood! I can't imagine what gets you, Roberta."

He always called Bobbie "Roberta" when he was angry with her.

"All the same, I'm going," Bobbie answered calmly. "I was going to ask you to lend me five hundred dollars or so, but if you won't do it I'll have to get it from Andy Jerrold, I suppose."

"Andy Jerrold? Oh, my soul and body!" exploded Aunt Gertrude, clapping her hands to her mouth. "You can't borrow money from a MAN, what you!" I never heard of anything so shameless!" She was horrified.

This, of course, was stretching the truth quite a bit.

Andy Jerrold was not just a good friend. He wanted to marry Bobbie, and he made no bones about saying so practically every time he and she saw each other—which was rather often.

"I don't believe Andy would lend you any money to go off on a wild-goose chase, anyway," Aunt Gertrude said after a moment. "Any more than your father would lend it to you for such a purpose. Breaking into the movies, indeed! Where did you ever get such a fool idea, I'd like to know?"

Bobbie did not answer her. She pushed back her plate and got up from the table.

"Don't talk any more about it. You just jangle me all up when you do," she said perkily, and went out of the room.

She was angry with herself and half-ashamed. She knew she should have stood up to her father and told him what it was going to mean to her to get away from home, and into some work that she liked—even if it was nothing more or less than going from film-casting office to film-casting office in Hollywood.

While she stood there, on the front porch looking up at the darkening sky, he came out of the house and stood beside her.

"Your mother was always talking about going on the concert stage," he said to her surprisingly. "I suppose that's where you get that crazy idea to get into the movies. I—I can't help it, Andy. I've just got to go."

There was a long silence. Then Andy said quietly: "This is where the joke starts to be funny."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Oh, nothing," he replied. "Only—is it fair to ask me to give you the money that's going to carry you out of my life to God-knows-where? Is it, I ask you?"

"I'm not going to God-knows-where. I'm going to Hollywood, California," Bobbie's soprano voice was high and sharp, and it came up from the front walk between the hedges of four o'clocks that Aunt Gertrude had planted.

He was singing the song called "Barcelona" as he came—the part that goes:

"She loves me, I know, For I told her so. That was the way things were with Andy Jerrold and Bobbie. He was always telling her that she loved him and that the thing she ought to do was marry him and settle down with him to be happy. He couldn't see things in any other way.

And Bobbie couldn't see them his way. That was the hitch. She liked Andy, and she thought he was a good-looking thing. But that was all.

Yet she was not above flirting with him—leading him on—and then pulling him up with a jerk. Almost any girl will treat a man that way if he's too much in love with her, and shows it.

Tonight she looked up at him through the purple dusk with wide and soft-smiling eyes.

"Hello, you great tall tree!" she greeted him. "Did you come to take me out dancing or do you want to sit on the top step with me and listen to my troubles? I'm going to ask you to do me a tremendous favor."

CHAPTER II

It is not easy for a girl to fall in love with a man she knows as well as Bobbie Ransom knew Andy Jerrold.

She is almost sure to feel stily and friendly toward him instead of lover-like. And that is exactly how Bobbie felt toward Andy.

She could not possibly feel romantic about him. She was too used to having him around. For years he had been dropping in at the white house like one of the family—and it was almost as one of the family that Bobbie thought of him.

The tall straightness of his body, his fascinating smile that raised one corner of his fine mouth a bit higher than the other, the man-smell of tobacco smoke and out-of-doors, and shaving soap that clung to him had no power to thrill her as they might have thrilled another girl. She was too used to him.

She was used to the way he talked, the way he laughed, the way he looked at things. He had been coming to see her three nights a week for more than five years, and he was as comfortable as an old shoe and just about as exciting to her.

Tonight, in the shadow of the vines that screened the porch and made a lacy pattern against the moonlight, he took Bobbie in his arms and kissed her the way a man kisses the woman he expects to marry—respectfully and tenderly.

But Bobbie was used to even that, and besides she had something else on her mind tonight. She moved restlessly in his arms. "Come on, sit down and let me talk to you, Andy," she said, and pulled him down beside her on the top step of the porch.

The moonlight poured down into her gold-colored hair, and made her face like a bit of sculptured ivory and her eyes like deep pools of bright darkness.

The effect of her beauty was always the same on Andy. It always made him want to hold her tight in his arms until she promised to marry him. And because his desire for her was so great, he moved away from her and looked very grim and cold and stern.

"Well, what do you want to talk about?" he asked shortly. "Money," Bobbie's answer was all ready.

Andy stared down at her, then, then back at the door. "Money?" he repeated. "Why? How much?"



THERE WAS NEVER A MOVIE MAGAZINE THAT SHE MISSED

"Could you spare me five hundred dollars?"

"I suppose I could," Andy answered slowly. "Of course, I could. But I'd have to think. What do you want it for?" he asked.

Bobbie drew a long breath. "I want to go out to Hollywood. You know, I've told you dozens of times how crazy I am to get into the movies. I—I can't help it, Andy. I've just got to go."

There was a long silence. Then Andy said quietly: "This is where the joke starts to be funny."

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"Well, what do you want to talk about?" he asked shortly. "Money," Bobbie's answer was all ready.

Most of these movie stars are young kids of sixteen or so—"Don't make me laugh!" Bobbie said in a low, husky voice. "I'm angry now. I know just how old all of the screen stars are, right to the days! So don't try to tell me something I know better than you do. And besides, you just told me you were not in the movies in pictures if I ever got a chance at them. You've forgotten that!"

Andy was silent for a moment. Then he stood up, stretched himself with his hands in the pockets of his white flannel trousers, and spoke.

"Come on, let's cut out all this scuffling and go down to Ellisworth's for a soda. What's the use of fussing about something you don't really want to do? I'll bet if

CHAPTER II (CONTINUED)

You had a chance to break into the movies, you'd back out at the last minute. You'd get cold feet, sure as fate."

"You think so?" asked Bobbie, following him down the front steps. She climbed into his "used" car, and they started off toward Ellisworth's and two chocolate ice cream sodas.

On the way they passed Locust street school. With its drawn yellow shades and locked doors it looked stark and forbidding in the moonlight. Not a soul all the way to the school, and not a soul above the tub were all the bath toilet things that belonged to her—geranium bath salts from a French perfumer, skin tonics, rose toilet water, lemon shampoo for her blond hair, and a huge glass jar of dusting powder. The pale blue velvet puff tucked into the top.

Fragrant as any rose, she rushed downstairs to breakfast a few minutes later, with her damp hair curling in little rings about her head, and the home-made dressing gown wrapped tightly around her body.

Aunt Gertrude shook her head in silent disapproval when she came sitting down at her place. Aunt Gertrude thought there was something faintly indecent about a woman appearing at breakfast in anything but a street dress or a bungalow apron.

Bobbie might be her own brother's daughter, but she did think that to Aunt Gertrude were simply awful. Using too much strong perfume, too much paint and powder, and varnishing her nails with some kind of pink liquid that smelled like bananas.

"If you look like a school teacher," Roberta Ransom, Aunt Gertrude was fond of saying, "I look like the Statue of Liberty."

Bobbie often had a wicked desire to answer back that Aunt Gertrude really did look like the Statue of Liberty. Because she did! She was large and massive and heroic looking, with wide shoulders and too generous hips.

She passed the living room, and Robert, she said now in a large loud voice to Mr. Ransom who was hidden behind the Sunday newspaper at his end of the table.

When breakfast was out of the way, Aunt Gertrude came to church. In rain or shine, tempt of flood or earthquake, Aunt Gertrude went to church every Sunday morning of the year. She said the world would be a better place if there were more people like herself in it—and a doubt it would.

"I've left all the vegetables ready to be put on the stove," she told Bobbie, as she slipped a dress of navy blue tulle over her head, and the roast is in the pan on top of the oven. Just slip it in at half-past eleven, and put the other things on the fire at twelve o'clock. Why don't you get dressed and come along with me? It would do you good to hear a sensible sermon."

But Bobbie had no intention of going to church that morning. She was going to loll at home on the front porch with the movie section of the Sunday paper and a box of milk chocolates that Andy had bought for her last night.

"No, thanks, Aunt. I'll stay at home and put the dinner on the fire for you," she said comfortably.

By the time Aunt Gertrude came home a quarter of one, the house was filled with the smell of boiling ears of corn, with the rich odor of roast lamb and potatoes browning in the pan beside it.

"Where's your father?" asked Aunt Gertrude coming up on to the porch. Her face was more red and shiny than usual, and the close collar on her dress was wilted a bit with perspiration.

"He's gone over to Mrs. Parkins. She called up for him. Bobbie explained nervously.

Ordinarily a piece of news like that would have sent Miss Ransom off onto a long tirade against the Parkins.

and stretched her slender body in it, then nightgown.

The nightgown was pale-pink silk and all around the neck and the armholes were little embroidered scallops. Bobbie had made it, herself, with her clever fingers and had cost exactly four dollars and ten cents.

But if you had gone to a shop to buy it you would have had to pay three or four times that much for it. Easily.

The dairy white room was filled with other proofs of Bobbie's passion for nice things. The curtains at the window were lengths of sheer white organdy hemmed by hand—by Bobbie's hand. Under the bed was a small pair of pink satin mules, and on the toe of each one she had painted a cluster of moss roses with oil colors. She had made the shell-pink dressing gown that hung over the chair by the windows.

The plain white dress had an organdy frill all around it, and it was covered with cold cream jars and scent bottles, and powder boxes and all of them fringed with the most expensive beauty aids that are sold.

"Fool nonsense" was the way Aunt Gertrude described these things that cost a small fortune. Aunt Gertrude was proud of the fact that she never used so much as talcum powder or her nose, and she apparently never knew just how large and pink and shiny her nose looked sometimes.

It was now gray and shiny indeed, when she opened the door of the room at eight o'clock to see if Bobbie was up.

She wasn't. She was still lying in bed, with her hands clasped behind her yellow-gold head and her dark eyes fixed dreamily on the ceiling.

"My stars, girl! Don't you know it's breakfast time? What are you lally-gagging there for?" she asked sharply. "In boiling the water for the eggs right now!"

Aunt Gertrude had been getting the family up at eight o'clock for years, against their will. Both Bobbie and Mr. Ransom would far rather have stayed in bed and gone without breakfast, but Aunt Gertrude wouldn't let them.

She just kept nagging and calling and complaining until, in sheer desperation, they got up.

"You hadn't stayed out until all night with Andy Jerrold last night, you'd be ready to get up at a decent time this mornin'!" she scolded Bobbie. "I heard you looting around with him 'til way past midnight!"

She was always scolding about Andy Jerrold. The plain fact of the matter was that Aunt Gertrude hated to see Bobbie or any other woman with a sweetheart, because she never had had one herself.

For Aunt Gertrude, they liked her sharp tongue and her acid sense of humor. They liked her because she seemed so unromantic and matter-of-fact. And no one ever guessed that "way down at the bottom of her heart" Aunt Gertrude was hungry and starved for affection and sentiment that she scoffed at.

When she was gone, Bobbie jumped up from the bed and ran into the bathroom. On a shelf above the tub were all the bath toilet things that belonged to her—geranium bath salts from a French perfumer, skin tonics, rose toilet water, lemon shampoo for her blond hair, and a huge glass jar of dusting powder. The pale blue velvet puff tucked into the top.

Fragrant as any rose, she rushed downstairs to breakfast a few minutes later, with her damp hair curling in little rings about her head, and the home-made dressing gown wrapped tightly around her body.

Aunt Gertrude shook her head in silent disapproval when she came sitting down at her place. Aunt Gertrude thought there was something faintly indecent about a woman appearing at breakfast in anything but a street dress or a bungalow apron.

Bobbie might be her own brother's daughter, but she did think that to Aunt Gertrude were simply awful. Using too much strong perfume, too much paint and powder, and varnishing her nails with some kind of pink liquid that smelled like bananas.

"If you look like a school teacher," Roberta Ransom, Aunt Gertrude was fond of saying, "I look like the Statue of Liberty."

Bobbie often had a wicked desire to answer back that Aunt Gertrude really did look like the Statue of Liberty. Because she did! She was large and massive and heroic looking, with wide shoulders and too generous hips.

She passed the living room, and Robert, she said now in a large loud voice to Mr. Ransom who was hidden behind the Sunday newspaper at his end of the table.

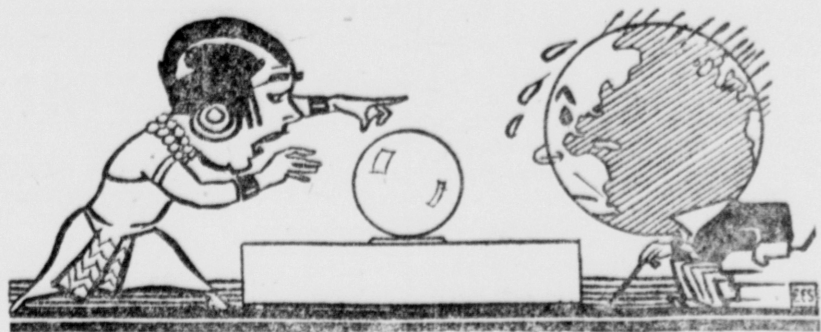
All The Dope On What'll Happen In 1927

France's Famous Soothsayers Figure It's All Over With King George And Mussolini

By BASIL WOON
Who Writes "Mirrors of Paris" for
The Daily Gazette

PARIS, Jan. 17.—The soothsayers, the seers and the prophets are busily foretelling dire events for 1927.

France is the traditional home of the crystal-gazers and flamereaders who profess to see the future. Madame de Thebes and Madame de Thebes are dead, but other predictors have replaced them. Here's what they say:



I
MADAME BRIFFAULT, Prophet and Medium to whom the following confidences were made in a spirit of confidence by the late Julius Caesar: First three months of the year filled with climatic disasters. Around March a frightful earthquake in North America. In April a flood in the southern states. French relations with Italy become strained. France slumps toward spring, but definitely recovers in June. Poincaré falls before summer. Remainder of year fairly normal, with death of famous king and accession of equally famous prince toward November.

II
MADEMOISELLE LAPLACE, 17-year-old girl whose revelations come to her while she plays the piano. Seated at the instrument she discovers that: First half of the year will be troubled for Europe. General restlessness; many crimes of passion; countless bankruptcies in France; several European assassinations; death of a great American; fall of Poincaré.

With summer, a great change. An obscure man will suddenly come forward as the savior of Europe from chaos. A great statesman of southern Europe will be slain. England will be torn by internal strife, approaching revolution. A monarch will die. The communistic regime will be overthrown peacefully in Russia. France, on the whole will have a good year and so will Germany. But the United States will find its prosperity on the wane.

III
MADAME ELISE, who finds her inspiration in the flames of a candle: Crashes, bankruptcies, crime, general unrest for France during the remainder of the winter. Dreadful unemployment. A crash on the Bourse which will be reflected in a slump on the New York Stock exchange. An increase in scandals. A mysterious woman will arise to political power. The first half of the year will be noteworthy for the number of deaths of great men and a king may be expected to die of disease shortly after the wane of summer. During

the summer economic conditions will improve throughout the world, and a business treaty will be signed between the United States and France. During October or November a substitute for gasoline will be discovered that will run motors better and more cheaply. In December France and Germany will sign an economic alliance. Revolution menaces in Great Britain.

IV
MADAME DEUX-THÈRES, who is 100 years old and has been prophesying since 1840 with many of her predictions realized: Feb. 8.—Death of a great European statesman.

June 1.—Fall of French government and slump of the franc.

June 18.—Assassination of famous Mediterranean politician.

Aug. 5.—Serious labor agitation in the United States coincides with great earthquake.

Dec. 17.—Revolution in Great Britain and menace of European war for 1928.

V
MADAME PRAYA, one of the

most famous soothsayers in Europe who predicted the European war, the Russian revolution and, last year, the English coal strike. Beginning of the year very bad for France, which will find itself in the throes of economic unrest, bringing on bankruptcies, unemployment and labor disorders. This situation improves toward May, helped, as far as France is concerned, by important scientific discoveries. In February and March there will be an epidemic of suicides in Europe and France will bring into the limelight two contemporary literary giants. The franc will slump but will afterward be stabilized by united action of the Federal Reserve bank and the national banks of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and France.

In the summer England will have internal difficulties which appear exceptionally grave. A change of the utmost significance will come in Great Britain and it may be that this change affects the dynasty. Towards the end of the year America will be ravaged by cyclones, floods and a great earthquake. One of her most noted writers will be killed in a scandalous manner. The year will be notable for several scientific discoveries and a European savant will discover a cure for cancer.

Well, there you are. So now you know. A writer in the "Gaulois" comments that several of the prophecies occur in more or less the same manner in all four lists. "Mussolini and King George," he concludes, "had better watch out."

Cincinnati is in the lower house, Charles Jones, Painesville, and Thomas Jones, Georgetown, are members of the house of representatives; Earle L. Johnson, Middleport is a representative, while Nils P. Johnson, Youngstown is in the senate; Lloyd Weaver, Uniontown, and Chris Weaver, Akron

are representatives; Ray C. Carpenter, Attica, is a representative, and Harry M. Carpenter, Steubenville, is a senator; Harry E. Davis, Cleveland, and Chase H. Davis, Cincinnati are representatives; Speaker O. C. Gray, Cadiz and L. T. Gray, McConnelsville are representatives; W. T. Roberts, Bridgeport, and George H. Roberts, Youngstown are representatives; Frank H. Ward, Woodfield, and Grant P. Ward, Columbus are representatives; W. Oliver Wise, Akron, and Frank C. Wise, North Canton are state senators.

Attorneys predominate in the present house membership with a

total of twenty-eight; farmers are second with twenty-four, and merchants third with fifteen. Other occupations and professions are: bankers and real estate men six; teachers and doctors four; manufacturers, ministers and insurance men three; municipal employes, accountants, chiropractors, druggists, union representatives and editors, two. Contractors, brokers, railroad agents, advertising managers, packers, students, agricultural agents, fish and game League, printers, miners and oil operators, one each. Eight women and nine retired men complete the house roster.

BOARD ELECTS

MARYSVILLE, O., Jan. 17.—The Union County Fair board has elected Homer J. Cahill, York, president; Thomas J. Lockwood, Raymond, vice-president; Pearl Tossey, New Dover, treasurer, and William G. Moore, Marysville, secretary. New directors are: J. L. Clevenger, Perry Spain, Pearl Tossey, L. J. Temple, Thomas F. Lockwood and Harry Burns. The fair will be held September 7, 8, 9, and 10.

Colds

Be quick—be sure
Deal promptly with a cold. Use the most efficient, most complete help. That is HILL'S. It is so ideal that we paid \$1,000,000 for it. HILL'S stops the cold in 24 hours, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the entire system. Millions now employ it. Start it today.
HILL'S Cough-Breath-Quinine
Be sure you get HILL'S, in the red box with portrait. At all druggists—50c.

FIRST IN PROGRESSIVE SERVICE

MERCHANTS!

We Have the Exclusive Rights to
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING SERVICE



YOU can now secure, free of all cost, artwork, copy and merchandising ideas of the highest calibre, prepared by stars of the retail advertising field, if you advertise in this paper. Always first with progressive service, we have made exclusive arrangements with the Chicago Tribune for the rights in this city to their Newspaper Advertising Service, conceded the world's best!

If you want better-looking ads and better pulling ads, you want the service that is proven and tested—the same service that the country's shrewdest merchants are now using. We have it, and only we have it, in this city.

The World's Finest Artwork
The World's Best Copy —
Written Specifically for You!

Long ago this paper discovered that merchants want to buy service and results instead of white space. Now we have secured the exclusive rights to this new and better advertising service after an investigation covering every angle of newspaper advertising. We selected it because it is the product of the country's foremost artists, advertising men and merchants. These men, backed by the resources of the

Chicago Tribune, are reproducing a new kind of advertising based on sound principles, employing the fundamentals of successful selling, rooted in the psychology of making readers respond. Advertising matter scientifically prepared in this manner, much of which is proven, tested and run by the Chicago Tribune before it is offered to you is naturally better advertising and the merchants who use it secure better results.

To Increase Pulling Power
Use This Proven Tested Method
That Only We Can Offer

Ask for a Representative to Call — Phone Today

THE EVENING GAZETTE
THE MORNING REPUBLICAN

EVANGELISTS OPEN SERVICES SUNDAY



REV. ABBIE HOBSON

Despite the ice and cold, a large crowd attended the opening service conducted by the Rev. Tilman and Abbie Hobson, Pasadena, Cal.

BRYSON WILL HEAD EDUCATION BOARD

W. B. Bryson was elected president of the Greene County Board of Education, at the annual re-



W. B. BRYSON

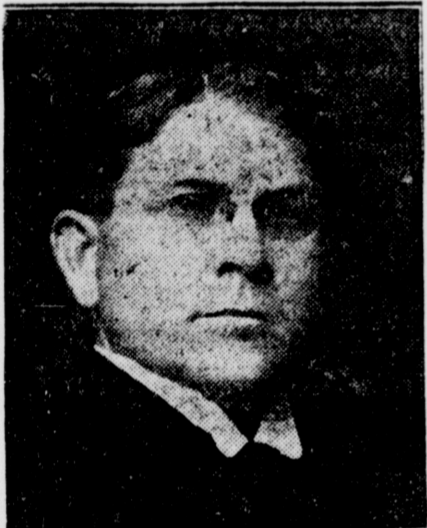
organization meeting in offices of County Superintendent H. C. Aultman, Saturday afternoon. Mr. Bryson will succeed H. E. Bales. J. B. Rife was elected vice president. Board members adopted a program of study, chiefly based on suggestions of L. L. Louilian, state department of education representative, who recently visited Greene County.

DISTRICT OFFICER OF ELKS TO SPEAK

Charles E. Bunning, Cincinnati, district deputy grand exalted ruler of Elks, will address members of Xenia Lodge, No. 668, of Elks at the Elk's Hall Monday evening. Mr. Bunning, who is a member of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5, is known to many Xenia Elks and a large attendance to hear his address is being urged. The meeting will start at 8 o'clock and will be followed by a banquet, according to A. C. Garwood, exalted ruler.

DIES SUNDAY

Clayton Swartz, N. Collier St., received word Monday morning of the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Nancy Jane Swartz, 87, who died Sunday at Washington, C. H. She was the widow of Frederick Swartz. Funeral services will be held Wednesday at Washington.



REV. TILMAN HOBSON

who will hold a series of lectures at Jamestown Friends Church, Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Hobson talked on "False and True Religion" portraying vividly the difference between Christless and Christian religion. "Christ founded the Christian system of worship," he declared, "and it is a service of love and sacrifice."

Mrs. Hobson, who is a prominent evangelist, and state evangelist for the W. C. T. U. in Southern California, took up the first fifteen minutes of the service, in a talk commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Crusade. Her talk was particularly appropriate on the seventh anniversary of Prohibition in America. The Rev. Mrs. Hobson's special services for women and girls are important features of their campaign. Both evangelists have traveled extensively, studying the cause and cure of social conditions. Meetings will be held each evening at 7:15.

BOY CREDITED WITH DIVINE POWER BUT LIKES TO SEE MOVIE

Exclusive Dispatch, Copyright 1926
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 17—
"Wonderous is Faith."
Because there are persons who believe he is possessed of super-



ABRAM GEORGE

natural and God-given powers, the world is today beating a path to the door of Abram George, an 11-year-old red-headed boy.

The power of healing the sick is attributed to George by good and believing folk around Batavia, N. Y., his home. There also are persons in Rochester who see in him a divine agent, following demonstrations in the auditorium here. So severe were the demands

made upon the boy here by curious, superstitious and believing crowds that he was worn out and had to be taken back to Batavia for a rest. Police were required to handle the throngs.

The boy Abram has large, sensitive-looking hands. He "heals" by laying them upon the sick person. He appears rather nonchalant about his demonstrations and likes, when they are over, to go to a movie, preferably to see a wild west film.

MARSHALLS EXCEEDS SMITHS IN GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF STATE

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 17.—Poor Mister Smith, and Missus Smith too, for that matter, and the entire Smith clan.

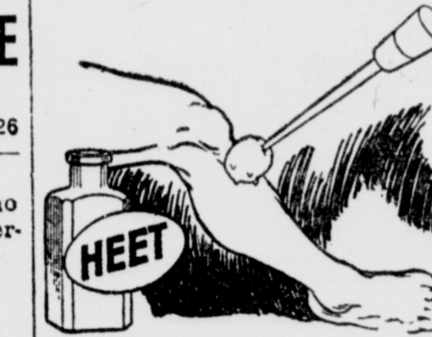
Of the 136 members of the house of representatives of the 87th general assembly, or the thirty-seven members of the state senate there is not one representative of the Smith organization. No Smythe, or Smit, or Schmidt or Smithers, not even a "smith" prefixed or suffixed.

Honors go to the Marshall family this year, with two members in the senate, and one in the house. The Joneses, the Johnsons, Weavers, Andersons, Carpenters, Davises, Grays, Roberts, Wards, and Wise dividing second honors with two representatives in both houses.

L. T. Marshall, Xenia, and L. L. Marshall, Cleveland are state senators, while Hubert S. Marshall,

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, PAIN

"Heet" Relieves Instantly



With applicator attached to cork, just brush "Heet" over the pain area, whether in knees, feet, legs, hand, shoulders, back, neck or body. Instantly you feel this harmless, glorious, penetrating heat draw the pain, soreness and stiffness right out of the aching or swollen joint, muscle or nerve. Besides, "Heet" scatters the congestion and establishes a cure.

"Heet" contains two soothing, penetrating ingredients, too expensive to use in ordinary liniments or analgesics. "Heet" is a clean, pleasant liquid; doesn't stain, blister or irritate the skin and costs only 60 cents at any drug store. Adv.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On



Take
Laxative
Bromo
Quinine
tablets
to work off the cold and to fortify the system against Grip, Influenza and other serious ills, resulting from a cold. The Safe and Proven Remedy. Price 30c. The box bears this signature
C. W. Grove
Since 1889

STOMACH MISERY, GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" Corrects Sour, Upset Stomachs at Once

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness, fermentation or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief. Correct your stomach and digestion now for a few cents. Druggists sell millions of packages. Adv.

For Automobile Insurance That Really Insures, Get in Touch With THE D. H. BARNES Insurance Agency Service

121 High St. Xenia, O.
Everything in Insurance.

FIRE AND TORNADO INSURANCE

Buildings and Contents, Schools and Churches, Feed and Livestock, (In Xenia and Greene County) New Insurance; Additional Insurance. When a change of company is desired, please see us a few weeks before the old policy expires.

THE D. H. BARNES Insurance Agency Service

121 High St. Xenia, Ohio.

Bonding Business

Contractors Bonds Administrators Bonds Public Officials Bonds Depository Bonds for Banks. THE D. H. BARNES Insurance Agency Service

121 High St. Xenia, Ohio.

LIFE INSURANCE

Safety Of The Investment THE D. H. BARNES Insurance Agency Service

121 High St. Xenia, Ohio.

Accident Insurance

Automobiles Kill 14,000 persons each year. One death of every eleven results from accident. Perfect Protection Against All Accidents and Illness. Communicate With

THE D. H. BARNES Insurance Agency Service

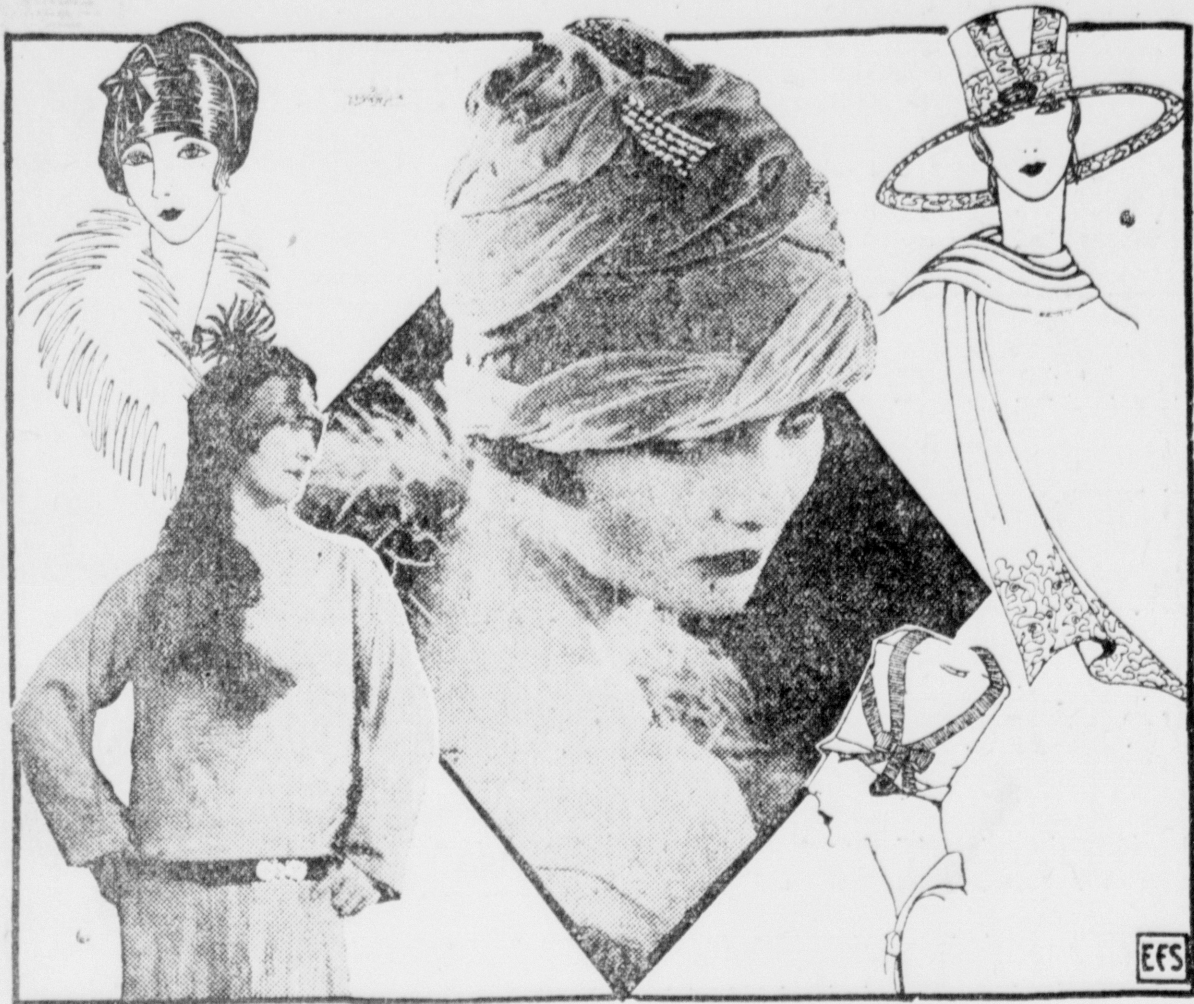
121 High St. Xenia, Ohio.

Burglary And Holdup Insurance

We Insure Everything. Dependable Companies. See The D. H. Barnes Insurance Agency Service

121 High St. Xenia, Ohio. For rates, before it is your turn to pay. In office over Sayre's Drug Store, Xenia, Ohio. Tuesday 2 to 4:30 Friday 2 to 4:30 Saturday 2 to 4:30

WHAT to WEAR and HOW to WEAR IT



THE FIVE TYPES OF HATS. LUCY CLAIRE DISCUSSES THEM IN THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE.

Readers of The Gazette and The Republican are indicating that they are finding Lucy Claire's articles the most interesting and edifying series on fashions they ever have encountered. We wish to assure them that Lucy Claire will continue to write for The Gazette and The Republican.

If you missed the initial articles of the series, back issues may be obtained at the Gazette office.
By LUCY CLAIRE
Favorite Fashion Adviser of the Smart Set.
There are five general types of

hats, all of which are illustrated above. Almost any hat may be placed in one of these classes: Upper left, the "beret"; upper right, the "grand chapeau"; center, the "turban"; lower left, the "toque"; lower right, the "calotte". I want to remind you again that, regardless of prevailing styles, you

must never be tempted into wearing a hat just because it is fashionable or because it looks smart on some other person.

Hats must reflect a consideration of the style principles discussed in previous articles, particularly because the outline of the hat has much to do with making or marring the charm of your face. The face, you know, is most important of all!

I have shown you, in the center photograph, a pleasing version of twisted rolls of velvet pyramiding toward the topmost point of the crown. This, I find is one of the smartest hats of the season, and yet one of the most difficult to wear successfully. It should be attempted only by one with an oval-shaped face and decisive well-cut features.

High crown effects, like the model in the lower right-hand corner, fashioned of felt, velvet, or antelope, are most becoming to women of short or medium stature because they give added height. The material is so soft that it can be crushed and adjusted in becoming lines once it is on the head. But for the woman who is already tall enough, I suggest either one of the two hats shown at left. The beret at the top creates the illusion of a high crown with its straight, banded front, but since the drapery effect is pulled over toward one side and the back, the actual height is counteracted. The satin toque at the bottom, full flowing shoulder drop, is a becoming accessory to the afternoon

with its feather crown and graceful costume. For all daytime uses, small close-fitting hats are favored because they conform to the close costume silhouette and are the most comfortable and convenient style for winter wear. Large hats are so seldom seen that they have taken on the aspects of formality. For the tall woman whose height is sufficient to balance a wide brim, I recommend the large hat for distinction and chic.

In my next article I will analyze various types of dresses.

Lucy Claire -

After the "Flu" is over —you need a Tonic

Help Is Needed to Restore Your Wasted Strength and Energy.

"Flu" leaves the body weakened and run down. In such case, a tonic is clearly indicated. Restore the appetite and rid yourself of that let-down feeling. "Flu" is a very enervating disease. It leaves its victims so weak and debilitated that there is as much danger from the after-effects as from the disease itself. In other words, after an attack of the "flu," you need a selective tonic to rebuild the system so that you may have

MRS. FANNIE BARBER IS CALLED SUNDAY

Mrs. Fannie Barber, 64, life-long resident of Greene County and widely known throughout this vicinity, passed away at her home in Cedarville Sunday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock following an illness of about eight months. Death was pronounced due to heart trouble, and is believed to have been indirectly due to a paralytic stroke suffered some time ago. She was born in Cedarville September 12, 1862 and since girlhood had been a member of the United Presbyterian Church. Her husband, one son and one daughter preceded her in death.

Surviving is one son, Colin; one sister, Mrs. Flora Dobbins and one brother, Edward Turnbull, both of Cedarville.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock at the U. P. Church in Cedarville with burial in North Cemetery.

YOU SAVE!

BY SHIPPING BY TRUCK

No trucking to and from stations, cutting operators down to two. From your address to truck and truck to address.

Jesse Gilbert

136 W. Main St.

Phone 304

McCurran Bro's GENERAL CONTRACTORS

39 Green St. Xenia, Ohio.

Public Buildings and Fine Residences

A Specialty

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS

We are also prepared to surface wood floors, old or new with electric driven floor machine. Old floors stained or varnished, made to look like new.

Give us a call.

Our Aim Is Service

Office No. 2. Telephones Res. 597

HONEY LOU by Beatrice Burton

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER LXVI:

The sound of Jack's automobile horn came again, from the street outside the red wooden gates. No sound on earth could have been half so sweet to Honey Lou at that moment—nor half so welcome.

It came again—louder than before. "You'd better go and open the gates," she said calmly to Joe Meadows. She wasn't the least bit afraid now.

And then when he didn't move, she ran past him and out of the door into the sunny courtyard. She pulled back the great iron bolts that held the red gates in place, and swung them wide.

The black-and-nickel car passed through them and stopped on the flagging of the courtyard. Jack jumped out.

Amazed, he stared at her with his eyes that seemed almost too blue in the red-brown tan of his face. He looked as if he might have been prepared to see almost anybody in the world but her.

"What are you doing down here?" he asked sternly.

Honey Lou threw out her hands in a little half-finished gesture. "I—I came down to the mills," she said foolishly, and through his sternness she saw Jack smile.

"I can see that for myself," he said, "but what brought you here?" Honey Lou shrugged. "Don't ask me riddles," she answered. "I never was any good at them."

Then she lifted her arm and looked at the little watch on her wrist. "I've got to go," she said very faintly, and stood perfectly still.

Behind her she heard heavy footsteps on the stones, and then Joe Meadows' big hearty voice: "Good morning, Mr. Wallack. . . Those bales are all ready, but Clark hasn't brought the truck back."

Clark was the big burly Englishman who drove the largest of the three Wallack trucks—a man almost as big and muscular as Joe Meadows himself.

Jack seemed not to hear what Meadows said. He passed on toward the open door of the shipping room. At the threshold he turned and looked at Honey Lou but didn't say a word.

And Honey Lou stood rooted to the spot where she was and didn't say a word either. She felt as if she were watching Jack go out of her life for good and forever.

He turned—and vanished. After a minute Joe Meadows grunted. "I guess he thought it was pretty darned funny—finding you down here with me," he remarked and sauntered over to the gates to bolt them once more.

He came back to her, hands in his blue overalls pockets. "That's the way it would look to him," he added, "as if you'd come down here to see me."

"As if I'd come down here to see you?" Honey Lou's score was in her voice.

Then all at once, the look of scorn died away on her face, and something else took its place. She remembered the morning when Ann Ludlow had accused her of "vamping Joe Meadows and kissing him by-by on the stairs."

And Jack had overheard her! Jack with that consuming jealousy of his. . . It would be just like him to think she had come down here to see Joe Meadows!

She turned, and like a flash she darted through the shipping-room, up the iron stairs, and into the grimy old office on the second floor.

Jack turned as she came up to him. He was standing just where he had stood on the very first day she had ever laid eyes on him. With his back to the window overlooking the courtyard, his blue eyes gazing straight into hers just as they had gazed into them on that faraway day—direct and unsmiling.

She stood at the top of the iron flight behind her. "Do you want to know what brought me down here today?" she asked.

At first she thought he was going to say "no," for his mouth tightened in a grim smile. Then suddenly he nodded his head. "I came just to see the mills once more," she told him. "I saw in the

paper that . . . they were going to be closed, and I wanted to see them again. I used to . . . enjoy being here. Oh Jack, I'm so sorry they've shut down. Maybe it was my fault . . . because I was so extravagant."

He laughed. "They've shut down for only a month, Honey Lou," he answered. "Just until the first of the year. We're reorganizing. I'm going to be at the head of them when they re-open. December's a bum month anyway. No orders . . ." He looked at her narrowly.

"What were you talking about to Meadows?" Honey Lou did some quick thinking.

"Jack, he's left Ann again for some other girl," she said. "You've got to tell him to stick to Ann and her baby. He can't leave them. It isn't right for a man just to walk away from his wife like that."

"I did it," he rapped out the words. "I did it to you, Honey Lou, and when I came to my senses you were gone . . . Honey Lou, do you know where I've just been?"

She shook her head. "I've been down to Uncle Henry's warehouse, looking for you," he told her. "Honey Lou . . . will you come back home to me? I've been a fool. I know—a jealous fool. But will you come home?"

She looked at him, and tears sprang to her eyes—tears of sudden and breath-taking happiness. "Do you know why I came here today . . . just now?" she asked, and there was a catch in her voice. "I came . . . to see you. But I reckon I didn't know it until just now—Jack, are you sure you want me back?"

She was in his arms then, laughing and crying at once. Her hands passed over his face as if she wanted to make sure that it was flesh and blood and not just a dream.

"Are you sure it's you?" she asked him. "Oh, I've missed you so for seven long months—and all on account of Angela."

Jack shook his head. "No, it wasn't all on account of Angela," he said gravely. "There's no doubt that she did all she could to pull us apart . . ."

"Of course she did!" Honey Lou broke in with a quick nod of her head.

They drove out through the red gates into Exchange Street that was always gray and dreary—no matter how blue the sky above or how bright the sun.

And looking at it, Honey Lou saw that, all at once, it shone with a magic radiance. And for her its dirty cobble-stones were like the floor of Paradise!

"Of course she did!" Honey Lou broke in with a quick nod of her head. (The End)

He pulled her close to his side, and half-carried her down the long narrow flight of iron steps.

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He pulled her close to his side, and half-carried her down the long narrow flight of iron steps.

They drove out through the red gates into Exchange Street that was always gray and dreary—no matter how blue the sky above or how bright the sun.

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IF KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE SALTS

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours; tongue is coated, and when the weather is had you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of soft water. Adv.

"Why, she even set me against that poor Miss Ayres who's been working for you! Told me you were in love with her . . ."

He covered her lips with one of his hands. But she went right on in a muffled voice: "And your mother, Jack. She let Angela turn her against me . . . or do you think mothers-in-law always hate their son's wives?"

Once more he shook the blond head that she held so tenderly between her velvety palms.

"My damnable jealousy was at the bottom of the whole thing." So he shouldered the blame—all of it. "But I was so extravagant, Jack," she told him. "I wasn't a good wife. I let your money slip through my fingers like water. And . . . I shouldn't have bumbled around with Angela and Tim all the time. I know it now."

"Let's forget Angela and Tim, and everybody else," said Jack. "Let's go home, and forget everybody but you and me for a while. We have a second honeymoon coming to us, it seems to me. Mrs. Jack Wallack, junior."

He pulled her close to his side, and half-carried her down the long narrow flight of iron steps.

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Mothers, Keep Your Health Up To Par!



Mrs. Joseph DeSorbes

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FOR ALL KINDS OF BAKING USE
"E" BRAND FLOUR
As an all round flour for general purpose use "E" BRAND FLOUR is unexcelled. Local housekeepers are learning this fact from pleasant experience. It is an excellent bread flour but it is equally satisfactory for pies, pastries of all kinds, and, with two or three siftings, for the making of fine cakes. When you have it in your kitchen your flour needs are all adequately met. It is made of the famous Kansas Red Turkey wheat—the world's premier wheat—is milled by improved new methods that make it white and light but that leave the rich, nourishing heart of the wheat. TRY IT FOR YOUR NEXT BAKING.

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